THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for October, 1934

Articles

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES, LTD. ..... *W. Fox* 102
A MIRROR TO JAPAN
I. JAPAN AND MANCHUKUO ..... *Yosuke Matsuoka* 111
II. JAPAN'S POPULATION PROBLEM ..... *Professor Uyeda* 114
III. JAPANESE BANQUET ..... *Lili Körber* 117
WHO IS FRITZ THYSSEN? ..... *Max Rudert* 121
STUDIES IN THE FANTASTIC
I. ON THE FANTASTIC ..... *Pierre Abraham* 139
II. THE BIRD AND THE HEDGEHOG ..... *Francis de Miomandre* 142
FOR WHOM DO YOU WRITE? ..... *Jean-Richard Bloch* 151
TWO ESSAYS ON MEDICINE ..... *Dr. Harry Roberts*
I. MAY DOCTORS KILL? 159
II. THE LIMITATIONS OF MEDICINE 162

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 95
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
DR. SCHACHT ..... *Joachim Haniel* 129
MARSHAL LYAUTEY ..... *Edmond Jaloux* 132
INTERVIEWING WANG CHING-WEI ..... *A Special Correspondent* 136
BOOKS ABROAD 165
TWO CHINESE EPITAPHS (*Verse*) 173
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 174
THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY ..... *Harold Ward* 178
AS OTHERS SEE US 182
WAR AND PEACE 188

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by The Living Age Corporation, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

ONE of our Boston readers, who merely signs himself 'Historian,' takes us to task for prophesying an early collapse of the Hitler régime in our September issue. His letter is such a good one that we reproduce it here:—

Boston, Massachusetts

To the Editor:—

It will be interesting to you to know that for the first time I feel your conclusions about affairs in Germany are wrong. Perhaps this is due to the material that you used this month, which would seem to prove that Germany is on the way out.

I think the conclusions of the articles have been vitiated by recent events. The Foreign Diplomat is too sweeping and eager in his condemnations for them to have much effect on me. He is too much the enemy, writing to enemies of the régime. If Communism is numerically what the next article makes it, it will never have any effect, with a 100-per-cent perfect German secret service on its trail. Thirdly, Ferrero's article leaves me cold. He is too much the facile journalist and too biased to give me definite feeling on his points. Anyone who has written so much for the Hearst publications ought to be suspect.

It seems to me you endanger your record for predictions by making Hitlerism too much of a blanket term. If you have not felt, even through the hostility of the American press, the immense regeneration of the German people for Hitler, or through him, I think you have missed the big meaning of the Revolution. I believe Hitler to be a clever politician of the Roosevelt type, and, if the people get away from him, he will try and follow the people. What else did the voting on his assumption of power mean? People can laugh this off, but, if the German people had n't wanted Hitler, they could have turned in blank ballots. I hope THE LIVING AGE will never say the opposition vote doubled. The other election, with a couple million 'noes,' was on withdrawal from the League and Disarmament, two hated things in Germany, and Hindenburg was president. Certainly there is no relation between a negative vote on this and a vote on such a tremendous question as Hitler assuming all the power. If the Reich is as rotten as these three writers make out, asking the German people to vote at all would be riskier than dynamite.

Nor do I think there is any fair comparison in your first paragraph under 'The Guide Post.' To compare these executions in a country which has been through the travail Germany has suffered with such men as you name in this peaceful United States is almost inexcusable. That is the trouble with all our American correspondents: they evaluate these desperate foreign evolutions against their soft background. I read Dorothy Thompson's *I Saw Hitler* two days before she was invited out and was amazed at so many miserable predictions. She almost had it coming. The point is, our correspondents should stick to objective writings and cut out the prophecy stuff.

Cordially yours,

Historian

IN EXTENUATION of our prediction we can only say that we reproduced what appeared at the time to be the overwhelming consensus of the best foreign opinion. Not until we find ourselves on the eve of going to press with this number has Ernst Henri, the ace prophet of German affairs, come out with the unqualified prediction that 'the next act will be, and must be, the triumph of a socialist Germany.'

(*Continued on page 187*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

October, 1934 *Volume 347, Number 4417*

The World Over

THE TWO ARTICLES on Japan that we have reproduced this month from the *Daily Telegraph* possess a double significance. First, they give an authoritative expression of the Japanese point of view; second, their appearance in a leading British Conservative newspaper looks like a first step toward the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The *Daily Telegraph* articles appeared in a special Japanese supplement issued to coincide with the departure of a British trade mission to Manchukuo. The *Times* also took the opportunity to run a series of sympathetic dispatches from Japan while the British Government was sending Sir Maurice Hankey, secretary to the Committee for Imperial Defense, to Australia in the hope of winning the leading politicians, business men, and bankers in that part of the world over to the support of an Anglo-Japanese rapprochement.

The *New Statesman and Nation* commented as follows on the articles in the *Times*:—

> Three articles in the *Times* by a special correspondent in Manchukuo friendly to Japan are of some importance. Notably in their account of the newly constructed strategic railways they bear out the suspicion of the Lytton Commission that the central motive of the Japanese in acquiring Manchuria was strategical. The decision of the Federation of British Industries to send a strong delegation to inquire into the future of British trade in this region is politically of some importance. Trade prospects are not bright, for, as the *Times* correspondent admits, the policy of the Japanese is monopoly for their own trade, with crude oil, tobacco, and possibly gold mining as the only likely exceptions. Clearly the business calculation is that the only chance for the desired expansion of British trade lies in a political rapprochement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Tory *Saturday Review* also foresees close coöperation between England and Japan and views the prospect with enthusiasm:—

> No European nation could have gone about the pacification and settlement of a country like Manchuria with more success than Japan has shown in her most realistic grasp of what had to be done. The military intervention of Japan in Manchuria, culminating in the capture of the Province of Jehol, rounds off the first part of a vast programme of making the Pacific Coast adjacent to her own islands a Japanese-controlled state. And, whatever the U. S. A. or European nations may say, they cannot as yet dare to order a halt. China is impossible either to advise or cajole. China can, therefore, hardly be used as a stick to beat Japan, whose naval forces now dominate the entire Pacific Coast.
>
> For Japan and the world know that Manchuria is very rich—economically one of the richest countries in the world—with marvelous potential resources as yet untouched. But to-day there is no stopping Japan, save war in the East, and that alternative is one that Great Britain will not choose, whatever Russia, China, and the U. S. A. may do in the picture.

The *Temps*, speaking for the French Foreign Office, analyzes England's recent manœuvres in relation to Japan as follows:—

> Events placed England and Russia in rival camps during the nineteenth century. After the period of rapprochement that opened in 1907, when zones of influence were fixed in Persia and England's position in Afghanistan and Tibet was recognized, difficulties recommenced with the fall of the Tsarist Empire and the arrival of Bolshevism. In India, Persia, and Chinese Turkestan the struggle now goes forward full blast. Since relative tension exists between Russia and Japan, London may try to profit from it. To provoke reactions among the Japanese by showing the Russians in the aggressive rôle is not a new policy. Certain Powers have long held it, and it seems that England has adopted it, too.

It may be, as we have asserted here before, that intrigues originating in Germany and extending throughout the world are disturbing Russo-Japanese relations in the Far East, but it is none the less clear that at the beginning of August many British newspapers opened a campaign indicating that England is following a parallel course—which is, incidentally, profitable to the Japanese—by publishing disturbing news from the Far East. The fact that the English press has for some time revealed a pro-Japanese tendency might, however, give rise to erroneous ideas in connection with which we should be careful not to draw too rigid conclusions. In reality, the English regard the Japanese as rivals and competitors of the first order. But, at the same time, business is business, and the English no doubt see an opportunity to turn a good stroke of business in the new tone that their press has adopted in relation to Japan.

The *Temps* does not ignore the bearing of these events on the United States:—

> Washington's recognition of the Soviet Union on the eve of the Naval Conference of 1935 is not without special significance and purpose. It is hardly likely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Russian Communists will ever consent to become the soldiers of American capitalism in the Far East, but recognition by the United States has given the Russians confidence and something still more substantial, which has enabled them to mass their troops in the Maritime Province in the face of excitement and anxiety among the Japanese public. Maintaining these troops in spite of the demand that the Tokyo Government made to Moscow to withdraw them has but one meaning—to produce an effect on the Naval Conference.

CONFUSION in the Far East becomes still more confounded in the light of Stanley Baldwin's declaration that England's frontier now lies on the bank of the Rhine. This statement, following the disturbances in Germany on June 30 and in Austria on July 25, indicated that the British Government was withdrawing the tacit support it had been giving Hitler for the past year and was preparing to throw in its lot with France and Russia, so far as Western Europe is concerned. Thus, a policy of friendliness toward Russia and hostility toward Germany in the West contradicts yet goes hand in hand with a policy of hostility toward Russia and friendliness toward Japan in the East, leading the *Börsen-Zeitung* of Berlin to comment as follows on the seven-power treaty of mutual assistance in Eastern Europe, usually known as the 'Eastern Locarno,' to which England has also given its blessing:—

If Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia join the treaty and thereby guarantee the integrity of the Soviets' western frontier and if the alliance between France and the Soviet functions efficiently, the Soviet Union will be freed of all threats in Europe and will be able to turn its full attention to the Far East. Eventually, it would drive Japan into an extremely dangerous position.

Such a situation might be pleasing to members of the League of Nations, from the point of view that it would repay Japan for what she did to the League over the Manchukuo issue. But Germany, which has also left the League of Nations, is opposed to any such vengeance.

Germany, in common with Poland, will most bitterly resent the admittance of the U. S. S. R. into the League of Nations. An invitation to the foe of Japan to join the League and become a successor therein to Japan, assuming an important function in the League's work, is nothing less than a gesture tending to instigate war in the Far East.

KARL RADEK, the foremost political writer in the Soviet Union, has summed up the contradictions outlined in the foregoing paragraphs and declared that England's policy is to give Germany a free hand in eastern and southeastern Europe and Japan a free hand against Russia in the East. What England will not tolerate, however, is a German attack on France or, of course, Japanese expansion in the Orient at the expense of any imperial possession or preserve. Here is the way he sums up his argument:—

England's course of action gives to German imperialism as its objects of expansion the Baltic countries, Poland, the Danube Basin, the Balkans, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

territory of the U. S. S. R. It also gives the territory of the Soviet Union as the outlet for Japan. England commits itself verbally to the defense of France, but it undertakes to defend only the French frontiers, in other words, the European territory of France. Thus, the international position of France suffers, for a France that has lost its allies and its world position would be reduced to the rank of a second-class Power with its population of forty millions and would find itself face to face with a Germany populated by sixty-five million people and one hundred million citizens of other states subordinate to its command. England offers protection to French territory in Europe only because it feels that Germany would put the pistol to its own head after altering the Franco-German frontier and extending its sphere of influence to Belgium. England is ready to help France against this danger but only on condition that it is not committed to defend the international position of France and its allies.

English imperialism believes that, in spite of its decline during the post-war period, it has completed a superb manœuvre and that it is now possible for it to play the same rôle that the United States of America assumed during the World War and make a lot of money by neutrality, later appearing to divide the spoils and demand a large share of the loot for itself, *quia leo britannicus sum.*

RUSSIA'S ADMISSION to the League of Nations bears on Europe as well as on the Far East; indeed, the French care far more about preserving the *status quo* in Europe than they do about guaranteeing Russia's European position and thus leaving the Soviet army free to devote its attention to Japan. For Germany is not entirely without friends in Europe, having succeeded in winning Poland away from the French alliance and Yugoslavia from the Little Entente. Here is what the *New Statesman and Nation* has to say about the Poles:—

The Polish business world has for several years been dissatisfied with the support that it receives from Parisian finance. Loans do not flow with the old facility, and sundry enterprises, notably a railway from Gdynia to the Silesian coalfield, have been starved of the promised support. M. Barthou has made his effort to bring Warsaw back to its old place as an ally, and apparently he has failed. Was it merely that he failed to pay enough, or was it that Berlin had already secured its footing? These two appear to march in step, and one asks with some anxiety whether the suspicion (for which we quoted a considerable body of evidence at the time of the German-Polish Pact) is well founded—that they are in some sense secret allies, who may at a propitious moment act together to realize the Hugenberg-Rosenberg plan of a conquest of the Ukraine. If that suspicion has any substance, an eastern Locarno without Polish or German participation offers a frail buttress to peace. To localize this threatening war in the Far East may not now be the easiest of tasks. Europe, as it faces this future, has reason to curse anew the cowardice and pettiness that failed to check Japan in her first Manchurian enterprise.

Meanwhile, the semi-official *Vreme* of Belgrade justifies Germany's Austrian policy and accuses the Italians of forcing the country into a series of dangerous adventures:—

Germany, which used to be praised to the skies in all the Italian Fascist newspapers, is now the object of such scurrilous attacks as are appropriate only to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literature of the pamphleteer, and these accusations are directed against a people that has given humanity some of its greatest men and has brought forth outstanding achievements in every field of culture and technology.

RECENT EVENTS in Austria and Germany have prepared the ground for what Bosworth Goldman, a contributor to the London *Spectator*, calls 'the greatest revival of the Vatican as a temporal power since the flood-tide of the Reformation undermined the preëminent position of the Catholic faith.' It means 'a new alignment of the Germanic states and the linking of Bavaria and Baden with a united Austria-Hungary.' Here are the percentages of Catholics in the states that would be affected by the so-called 'Papal Plan': Poland 75 per cent, Austria 94 per cent, Hungary 65 per cent, Yugoslavia 38 per cent,—chiefly Croats,—Czechoslovakia 88 per cent, Bavaria 70 per cent, and Baden 67 per cent. Germany, on the other hand, is two-thirds Protestant and, if this scheme went into effect, would become almost wholly so. Mr. Goldman writes of the papal plan as follows:—

During the War, when the chancelleries of Europe were occupied with war aims, the Vatican propounded peace aims founded on broad principles of social justice. Now the Pope suggests a solution to the Central European problem that might at the same time satisfy many of the purely political and economic interests involved and cannot therefore be discarded as being merely a subtle intrigue to lead the world back to Rome.

The papal plan envisages the establishment of a loose conglomeration of Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, and Baden as a single unit as far as finance and foreign policy are concerned, while Protestant Prussia and the other north German states are left to stew in the unsavory juice that Herr Hitler is cooking. In addition, the false economic premises on which the Nazi State is based must lead, in the Vatican's opinion, to its eventual downfall, and with this in view suitable Catholic propagandists to popularize the papal plan would be trained. As an example of the thoroughness with which the Pope is capable of carrying out such preparations we have only to consider the measures that are being taken to instruct Jesuits in the Greek rites in anticipation of a similar collapse in Soviet Russia.

The project has a political and economic, as well as a religious, purpose:—

In Germany itself there is a powerful steel group opposed to the Thyssen interest that controls through Herr Apold—now under arrest as a Nazi—the Austrian Alpine Montangesellschaft. The Thyssen group is known to have taken part in the recent attempt to set up a Nazi state in Austria, and the second group will clearly have gained in influence by the failure of the coup. Now they see in this new plan a way of 'downing' the Thyssen interest forever. Further, it is said that the anti-Thyssen group has considerable support in France—not only on financial but on general anti-Nazi grounds. Important also to the plan is the fact that those men in Austria and Hungary who remember their countries' proud position on the pre-war stage see that by this plan they would once more hold the balance between Italy and Germany. And, of course, those who supported the original *Anschluss* would see in the new plan many of the advantages that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they appreciated in the former one. Finally, Italy, who is anxious that a united Austria-Hungary should stand between herself and Germany, might achieve this result through the new papal plan without the political odium that would accrue from a Hapsburg restoration.

SIR ROBERT CAHILL, British Commercial Counsellor in Paris, has written an official report on economic conditions in France that describes the underlying policy of the Doumergue Government as one of rigorous deflation. But a glance at the records shows that real deflation has yet to occur. During 1933 wage rates for daily labor in Paris and the provinces declined 5.6 per cent and 6.4 per cent respectively while wages in the coal mines dropped 12 per cent. During April the salaries of the civil servants were cut between 5 per cent and 10 per cent, yet during 1934 the cost of living for the average working-class family rose slightly more than 1 per cent. High tariffs produce high prices, which, in turn, handicap the French exporters who are competing against countries with depreciated currencies. Thus, unemployment continues while the Government launches a public-works programme that encourages inflation by unbalancing the budget. Between 1930 and 1932 the conservative governments ran up budget deficits that mounted from two and a half billion francs in 1930 to five and a half billions in 1931 and to eight and a half billions for the first nine months of 1932. During 1933 the Radicals then accumulated a deficit of over 14 billion francs, a figure that Doumergue hopes to reduce to less than 2 billions during 1934. Sir Robert Cahill prophesies success:—

> The adroit yet firm and swift handling of the public-finances problem by the Doumergue National Government in February and later in April has so transformed the general outlook that, save for some unexpected political developments or accidents, . . . the restoration of the finances appears to require only the lapse of time necessary for the realization of the retrenchment and other reforms already in operation or foreshadowed. The growth and maintenance of public confidence, fostered by resolute government, will no doubt constitute the decisive factor in the recovery.

TO JUDGE from two recent reports by high authorities, Soviet agriculture is progressing less rapidly than Soviet aviation. In the course of a monograph on *Collectivized Agriculture in the Soviet Union*, published by the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in London University, Lancelot Lawton asserts that social and labor conditions on the state and collective farms are 'extremely bad' and that the standard of living has been reduced to the 'lowest conceivable level.' Since 1913 the population of the territory occupied by the U. S. S. R. has increased thirty per cent, and, although grain production has also increased, it has not kept pace with population growth, so that less food per capita is available. The state collects about 20 million tons of grain a year—the equiva-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lent of Russia's pre-war exports—and turns this over to the army and the urban population.

At the same time, Anthony Fokker, the famous aëronautical engineer, has described his recent visit to Russia in the Dutch *Algemeen Handelsblad*. He found Soviet aviation 'amazing' and gave this description of the Maxim Gorki plane and others:—

> I also want to tell you about the Maxim Gorki plane. It was standing on the field with the others when I landed—a magnificent machine! Our F-36—which is no mean standard of comparison—could easily have snuggled under one of its wings. The air force of the Soviet Union is remarkably well developed. During the May 1 parade as many as 140 four-motored planes flew over Moscow. And these sights that a foreigner may see are nothing, mind you, as compared to the strength that the Soviet air force really has at its disposal. Though I did not see the airplane factories during this trip, I know that these factories have an average of 6,000 workers apiece and that their productivity is unequaled except in the U. S. A.

AUSTRIA HAS PROVIDED the setting for one exhibition of the Nazi coup d'état technique, and the Saar Valley seems likely to provide another. On January 13 the Saarlanders will vote whether they want to return to Germany, go over to France, or retain the present government commission under the auspices of the League of Nations. A year ago an overwhelming majority of the population would have voted to return to Germany. To-day, however, a Nazi official reports privately in Geneva that during the summer the majority in favor of German rule dropped from 80 to 60 per cent. Since the Saar has a predominantly Catholic population, Hitler's persecution of the Church of Rome goes far toward explaining the growing reluctance of the Saarlanders to join the Third Reich, and the uncensored first-hand reports they keep receiving from exiled Socialists, Communists, pacifists, liberals, and Jews create further difficulties. From the Nazi point of view, however, the majority of Saarlanders favoring a return to the Reich should be even greater under Hitler than under the Republic; and in furtherance of this end Hitler has said that he would receive with open arms 'whoever professes "I am a German"' and that the man who does not vote for union with Germany 'is not worthy to be called a German' and will meet the fate of Judas Iscariot. While Hitler makes open threats, his agents are using the police, the courts, and the 'Voluntary Labor Service' to convince the people that it will go hard with them if they do not vote for reunion. The French fear two possibilities. One is that, if the vote goes against Germany, the Saar will witness the same kind of incidents that have been occurring in Austria for the past year. The other is that, if the Nazis feel that the vote is going to go against them, they will attempt a coup d'état in advance of the plebiscite. Either eventuality would, of course, make the danger of war immediate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This article consists of extracts from a pamphlet three times as long on one of the biggest international trusts, which puts the heavy industries and armament makers completely in the shade.

Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.

By W. Fox

From *I. C. I., Imperial Chemical Industries*
London: Martin Lawrence. 1934

WHO holds chemicals and who holds the non-ferrous metals has the industrial future of the world in his hands. Coal, iron, and steel wage today a losing struggle—almost a lost one—to maintain their old-established hegemony as the basis of world power. Industries almost unknown and materials almost unexploited thirty years ago dominate the capitalist facts of the present and the capitalist hopes of the future. To chemicals, to tin, copper, aluminum, nickel, rubber, and oil and to the 'new industries' and the electric power that depend for their very existence upon these 'new materials,' must we, socialist or capitalist, look for our salvation —but in different ways. The socialist will use them to expand production and enrich life. How, in fact, are they used to-day?

This change in dominating materials operates in war as in peace. Till 1914, and even later, the world found its war weapons in the steel trades and the explosives sections of the chemical industry and its war transport almost purely in the steel railways. To-day, it looks to the non-ferrous metals to make the old weapons more effective, to the motor and airplane industries to revolutionize the transport of its armies and their more effective use, and to all sections of the chemical industry to provide the munitions of the next war.

In every 'new industry' and in almost every 'new material' looms the figure of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Sometimes, that gigantic shape overwhelms all other capitalist concerns; sometimes it allies with combines, equally eminent in their own spheres, in Europe, America, and Africa; sometimes it appears as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minor, investing, non-controlling element in long lists of shareholders. But into the old basic industries it has not entered. New techniques in new industries have drawn the I.C.I. ever forward. Find an industry that, profitable in peace, is more profitable in war—and there, inevitably and heavily, is the I.C.I.

How far beyond chemicals—and let us say at once that for all practical purposes the I.C.I. is the British chemical industry—how far beyond chemicals does the I.C.I. extend? Outside chemicals, it largely dominates, first, the British copper-refining and nickel-refining trades, suppliers of material essential to the electrical-power, electrical-engineering, high-grade-steel, and munitions industries. It exercises a most important voice in the control of the largest makers of motor accessories in Great Britain. It is linked to a combine covering three-quarters of all the anthracite coal turned from the British pits. It is by far the greatest producer of incandescent gas mantles in the United Kingdom and of artificial leather (or rexine). It produces bicycles and bayonets, zip-fasteners and cellulose paints, radiators and gunpowder and gas mantles, paints and insurance policies, motor accessories and munitions. It is the fertilizer industry, the dyestuffs industry, the alkali industry, the explosives industry, the heavy chemical industry.

In 1926 the General Strike failed, and the miners were starved back to the pits to starve there again for the next eight years; in 1926 Sir Alfred Mond crowned his career, and the I.C.I. was born. The new combine that, it was boasted, was Britain's reply to the world-domination of the German chemical trust merged four existing groups, namely, Brunner Mond and Co., Ltd., Nobel Industries, Ltd., the United Alkali Co., Ltd., and the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd. Each merged firm trailed its long line of subsidiaries and even sub-subsidiaries.

The I.C.I. welcomed the Christmas of 1926 with over forty subsidiaries and an issued capital of nearly £58 millions. This was not enough. It hankered after an even wider world where every chemical factory would be I.C.I. controlled, where every essential raw material would be I.C.I. owned, and where every chemical and non-ferrous by-product would be I.C.I. utilized. It bought and reorganized the South Welsh copper-smelting firms, which, under the rule of the Vivians and the Grenfells, had so devastated the Swansea valleys; and the British Copper Manufacturers, Ltd. came into being as an I.C.I. unit. It added a group of Tees-side concerns to its Billingham unit; it extended its sway over the dye industry, with the ownership of the British Alizarine concern; it rose to dominate the making of gas mantles; it entered Scotland to conquer and organize the artificial-fertilizer producers. In short, it became the most advanced and widespread capitalist organization in Britain.

Who are the men in whose hands lie the livelihoods of the thousands of workers of the I.C.I.—workers to-day, soldiers or munition makers to-morrow? To whom do the fifty subsidiaries, the scores of factories, and the 100 million pounds of capital in the combine look for guidance?

First, as chairman and managing director, comes a Scotsman—Sir Harry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McGowan, once of Glasgow and now of Mayfair. His directorates number fifteen. Half of these are I.C.I. connections; the other half are, significantly, financial or international. He sits on the board of the British Overseas Bank (which, by the way, has been largely financed by the funds of the Prudential Assurance, a great working-class institution!), of the International Nickel Co. of Canada, of the General Motors Corporation in the States, and of the Midland Bank nearer home.

With the Scot walks a Jew—Rufus Daniel Isaacs, first Marquis of Reading, G.C.B., P.C., G.C.V.O., etc., ex-Attorney-General, ex-Solicitor-General, ex-M.P., ex-Lord Chief of Justice of England, ex-Special Ambassador to the U. S. A., ex-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, ex-Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The I.C.I. landed a noble trout for its board when it hooked Rufus Isaacs!

Rufus's past is glorious. His present is equally so—and possibly even more profitable. He runs from chemicals into banking (the National Provincial Bank this time), into insurance (the London and Lancashire group), and even as far afield as Palestine (with the Palestine Electric Corporation). No one seems to have asked at what period in his illustrious career Rufus acquired his knowledge of chemicals or insurance or banking or electricity; no one asks since no one expects on a modern directorate any knowledge beyond the knowledge of how to acquire further directorships.

Let us turn to the other members of the House of Lords who coronet the I.C.I. board with such a noble galaxy of titles. Henry, second Lord Melchett, lives in Smith Square (like Mosley and the Labor Party) and has been recently readmitted into the Jewish fold to wage war against Hitlerism (but not, of course, against that German chemical industry, which so lavishly supported Hitler, but which is so closely linked to the I.C.I.). Henry's career in politics, first as a Liberal and then as a Conservative M.P., lasted from 1923 to 1930 but allowed him time to enter into a peculiarly Christian sport as joint Master of Foxhounds to the Tedworth Hunt in 1928.

His mother, Vi (father Alfred's relict), dutifully followed Alfred into the Conservative Party in 1928 and now, turned philanthropist (as the I.C.I. share list shows she can well afford to do), helps to run the Sun Babies' Nursery at Hoxton and the London Needlework Guild and the Empire Activity Fund and half a dozen other slum, charitable, or pious organizations. Henry's directorates, we may as well note, number a very lucky thirteen—including the usual bank (Barclay's this time), the Power-Gas Corporation, the Industrial Housing Association No. 2, Ltd. (which builds houses for workers), the International Nickel Co. (nickel tips bullets for worker-soldiers), and the Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries, Ltd. (for which the mine workers labor in the South Welsh valleys). Henry was born to a truly noble heritage.

The third coronet is Lord Colwyn, born as plain Frederick Henry Smith (not even a 'y'!). The Smiths may well feel proud of him. Here, in one lone Smith, is concentrated directorships of eleven of the most important concerns in the land—Martin's Bank, the Dunlop Rubber Co., the Manches-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter Liners, and the Underground Electric Railways of London. Here also is a vice-presidency of the council of the Federation of British Industries.

On the Clyde, the fourth lord was more familiarly known as 'Bloodie Wullie Weir.' To-day, with more dignity, as William Weir, Lord Weir of Eastwood, P.C., D.L., he has spread from the great engineering firm of G. & J. Weir, on which the foundations of the Weir family fortunes lie. We meet him in the beet-sugar industry, which is subsidized by the Government and which unpleasantly critical minds regard as a great potential supplier of cellulose for explosives purposes, in banks (Lloyds and the National of Scotland), in electrical engineering, as a vice-president of Beama, which is strongly believed to be the centre of the British electrical 'price rings.'

II

The story of I.C.I. Fertilizer and Synthetic Products, Ltd. merits some detail. This group is one of the world's greatest producers of artificial fertilizers; for chemical war purposes it is probably the most vital of the I.C.I. firms. Here, as in few other places in the I.C.I. organization, the close association between the I.C.I. as a war-chemical producer and the British Government as a war-chemical user stands clear and naked, but sometimes a little ashamed.

In 1920 the old Brunner Mond firm bought from the Government through the then Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates, Ltd. a huge war-time plant at Billingham-on-Tees. Here the I.C.I. turned all its war-time experience, its control of patents, its grasp of German technique, its knowledge of German war-time experiments to the manufacture of artificial or synthetic ammonia products. It drew its coal from the neighboring Durham pits, its labor from the mass of unemployed on Tees-side, its experts by combing the I.C.I. organization.

One thing alone it lacked. This was cheap money. The Government obligingly stepped in. Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates, Ltd. floated in 1925 a £2 million debenture issue bearing interest at 5 per cent per annum, and the Government (Baldwin, late of Baldwins, Ltd., was then Prime Minister and Winston Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer) undertook to guarantee not only the payment of the annual interest but also the repayment of the whole principal. No one but a fool—or a Prime Minister—could believe that the British Government would do such a thing for a purely peaceful concern engaged in producing an article—fertilizers—in which it was clear even then that the world would soon be rotten with excess.

Fortified by this government guarantee, the Billingham firm turned to absorb certain local firms to make its supply of raw materials or disposal of by-products more complete—the Tees Salt Co. and Casebourne & Co.

Even more clearly a preparation for the next war is the latest union of government and I.C.I. enterprise. The transaction is simple—so awfully simple. The I.C.I., through the Fertilizers and Synthetic Products subsidiary, will build a huge plant at Billingham to extract, by the Bergius hydrogenation process, oil from coal. This plant will cost £2½ million; it will absorb when complete several million tons of coal a year and will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produce 100,000 tons of light oils and petrol annually. One thousand miners, estimates the Premier, will find employment. The order for the steel plant will, by the way, help to tide the Vickers' organization over the difficult days of peace. On its part, the British Government guarantees to maintain the existing tax of eightpence a gallon on imported petrol for at least four and a half years and a preference of at least fourpence a gallon on home-produced petrol for possibly ten years.

Such is the bare outline of the scheme that gives to the I.C.I. such a thumping subsidy from the taxpayer. As the three and a half million tons of petrol that Great Britain imports each year cost about threepence a gallon, the 'preference' to the I.C.I. will involve a loss to the revenue of a million a year. In other words, the workers are subscribing a million a year to the I.C.I. so that the combine can produce oil at two and a half times the cost of producing natural oil. Financially, it is 'a risky speculation that bids fair to be exceedingly costly in the long run.' (*Economist*, June 22, 1933.) Politically, it is the massive subsidizing of war industry.

III

A little deeper. The Bergius process that the I.C.I. is exploiting is owned by a body called the International Hydrogenation Patents Co. of Holland. In this concern the shareholders are most refreshingly international and most refreshingly divested of all national jealousies. Here is first the I.C.I., second the I. G. Farben Dye and Chemical Trust of Germany, third the Royal Dutch-Shell combine, and fourth the Standard Oil Co. of New York. In the face of such a partnership, who can believe the innocent claim that the object of the I.C.I.'s enterprise is to make Britain independent of the oil combines?

But neither deep nor obscure, but glaring and manifest, is the fact that the object of the I.C.I. hydrogenation plant is to produce petrol for wartime purposes, to guarantee to the British navy and air force their fuel when the Americans cut off the American and Venezuelan supplies, when Japan strikes at the fields of the Dutch East Indies, and when a new European combination may threaten that Mediterranean route along which pass Rumanian and Anglo-Persian tankers. Oil for the navy and air force and chemicals for explosives and gases—Billingham has become a keystone in the British system of war.

We have spoken of the international aspects of the I.C.I. How far does the combine manufacture abroad? What markets does it seek? The main manufacturing units abroad that form part of the combine or in which the combine is heavily interested are in Canada, Australia, the U. S. A., and South Africa. The Canadian interest, shared with Du Pont's of U. S. A., is Canadian Industries, Ltd. This is itself an impressive organization, holding in the chemical and allied trades much the same position as the parent concern holds at home. Its dozen subsidiaries girdle the Dominion as the I.C.I. girdles Britain. From Halifax on the Atlantic through Regina in the middlewest prairies to New Westminster on the Pacific coast, Canadian Industries and the I.C.I. follow the flag of empire westward to strike even more easily at the Japa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nese and Chinese markets for fertilizers and explosives.

The second of the great Canadian interests is the International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., around whose mines was fought a fierce battle for control between American and British capitalists, a battle ending in joint ownership. From its enormous veins, the Nickel Co. produces the greater part of the world supply of nickel. As to the uses of that nickel let a detached observer speak. The *Economist* on November 11, 1933, remarks:—

'The vital importance of nickel became obvious during the War, so that there was a great increase in production during the last decade (world production 29,600 metric tons in 1913, 46,500 tons in 1918, and a peak of 67,800 in 1930). . . . It is interesting to follow the introduction of metal armor-plate for ships, guns, and military equipment at the turn of the century and the sudden impetus thus given to nickel production. . . . But the armament industry did not recline on its laurels, and, by demanding heavier guns and shell cases of nickel-steel strong enough to pierce nickel-steel armor-plating, it further extended the activities of the nickel industry.'

How passionately the nickel producers must look for a revival of those days is indicated by the figures of production, the output in 1932 being only one-third of the 1930 figures and actually below the 1914 level. But hope springs eternal and nickel-plated. Hitler in the west and Japan in the east hold out most encouraging hands. In 1933 the German and Japanese imports of nickel, chromium, scrap iron, etc., jumped abnormally; the exports of nickel from Canada rocketed upward—and International Nickel shares, which had slumped on Wall Street at the end of 1932 to 7⅞, faced 1934 at over 21.

Let us ignore the great I.C.I. manufacturing interests in Australia and move outside the Empire. Let us cross to the States. In that country the I.C.I. relationships are of very long standing. The United Alkali brought with it into the merger in 1926 ownership of the North American Chemical Co., and the Nobel group long stood in the Du Pont and General Motors share list. In 1926 Melchett referred with pleasure to the Allied Chemical Co. of U. S. A., of which he was then a director and in which the I.C.I. held a large stock interest. But the alliance with the Du Pont de Nemours chemical combine—an alliance expressed in England in the joint ownership of two or three paint and chemical concerns—is much more important. As I.C.I. is to Britain, so Du Pont's is to the States. Throughout the U. S. A. it has sixty plants for the manufacture of explosives, chemicals, paints, dyestuffs, cellulose products, munitions, and artificial silk, varnishes and glycerine, industrial alcohol and cellophane. It is the largest of the American war-chemical manufacturers and the second largest producer in America of artificial silk.

In Du Pont's the I.C.I. is a heavy shareholder; in turn Du Pont's is a dominating shareholder in the General Motors Corporation, of which McGowan is a director and in which the I.C.I. is also an investor. It is with regret that we deal so briefly with the General Motors group. This is the second largest motor producer, overtopped in production only by Henry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford, and the most profitable concern in the world. Its activities and dividends are equally marvelous. It is also a vast market for metals and chemical products; its normal annual output of two million cars must absorb a huge tonnage of copper, nickel, varnishes, cellulose paints, rubber, rubberoid fabrics, etc. In every country of the world it has its factories, assembling plants, or selling agencies; for the General Motors—and so indirectly for the Monds and Readings and Weirs of the I.C.I.—workers in Buenos Aires and Antwerp, Barcelona and Berlin, Osaka and Luton, Batavia and Stockholm sweat in the most highly rationalized factories in the world's most highly rationalized industry. The German, if Aryan and swastika-stamped, rides in an Opel car for General Motors' and I.C.I.'s benefit (and Henry, Lord Melchett, doesn't boycott those profits); the British middle class, one-childed and tied neck and crop to the building society, 'buys British' and rides in a Vauxhall car for General Motors' and I.C.I.'s benefit.

Look at General Motors (and, therefore, also at Du Pont's and I.C.I. who have in it such vast interests) in an even wider light. The world export market in motors is a prize for which a titanic struggle is waged. In that struggle the protagonists in the past and in the future are General Motors and Henry Ford. With General Motors stands multi-millionaire Morgan in New York and multi-millionaire I.C.I. in London; with Ford stands the I.G. combine. With the motor market goes the market for all the non-ferrous metals, chemicals, paints, and accessories.

With American money again do we find the I.C.I. in the Billingham development of the titanium ores of the British Empire. Four great combines meet in joint ownership of the British Titan Products, Ltd. These are the 4½-million-pound Imperial Smelting Corporation with heavy interests in South Wales and Burma, the I.C.I., the British 3-million-pound lead combine of Goodlass Wall and Lead Industries (with a German subsidiary), and the gigantic National Lead Co. of the U. S. A., makers of cartridges and—ominous conjunction—castor oil.

A final link in the chain locking the I.C.I. so closely to America, and in particular to the fortunes of the House of Morgan (brokers to the British Government in New York), is a body called the Finance Company of Great Britain and America, Ltd. Into this in 1928 the I.C.I. and the Chase Securities Corporation of New York, a subsidiary of the Chase National Bank, each put a million. Its object is 'to direct British and American capital available for investment into the most profitable channels for the development in both countries of industries either already established or of new ideas and processes in industry and manufacture.' What it has done, we do not know. But we do know that through its directors the Corporation is linked to banks in Cairo, Sofia, Basel, and Amsterdam, to Polish and Dutch utility concerns, and to the greatest Morgan firms in the U. S. A.

Now cross the Pacific. In 1934, McGowan declared to the I.C.I. shareholders: 'Following the conversations that took place with the Japanese producers of synthetic nitrogen, we have now concluded a reason-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able reciprocal arrangement. This result was greatly facilitated by the fact that the industry in this country is organized through the British Sulphate of Ammonia Federation, Ltd., of which the I.C.I. is the sole selling agent, and that a few leaders were able to speak with equal authority on behalf of the Japanese producers.'

Monopoly speaks to monopoly making a 'reasonable reciprocal arrangement' for the sale of a war commodity; and Japan's warlike preparations, quite apart from the I.C.I., are well known.

IV

The I.C.I. is not an armaments or war combine. That is to say, it was not created and does not exist to live *purely* by the production, in times of 'normal peace,' of chemicals or metals for war preparations either at home or in the export market. It is also clear that this vast 100-million-pound group could neither exist nor thrive *solely* on peace-time requirements, even when these are reinforced by the occasional and insignificant outburst of nations who are too poor to afford chemical warfare and who are therefore compelled to resort to the older and uncivilized weapons of the iron and steel munitions makers. It is equally clear, however, that, the scope of the I.C.I. being what it is, the peace-time military demand must provide a fairly substantial revenue to the I.C.I. firms. It is equally clear also that the I.C.I. products, both chemical and metallurgical, are products that are vital to the efficient prosecution of a modern war; it is undeniable that a large-scale modern war cannot be undertaken by this country without the greatest possible assistance from the I.C.I. and the greatest possible profit to the I.C.I.

The war uses of the I.C.I. lie mainly in three directions. First is the production—as the raw material, as the refined metal or as both—of those non-ferrous metals such as copper and nickel that are vital for the bullet, ammunition, gun-making, aircraft, and war-steel trades. By the nickel-steel, copper-based bullet, whether for rioters or armed enemies, many military minds still swear as they swore by the bayonet and rifle in 1914–18.

Second is the production of explosives. The Nobel organization, haggling to-day with British coal owners and diamond- and gold-mine owners in South Africa over the price of gunpowder, blasting powder, roburite, and ammonal, must look back with longing—and perhaps forward with longing—to the spacious times of war when no one counts the cost of blowing sky-high any soldier, worker, or peasant from East Africa to Archangel.

Third, and most important, is the I.C.I. rôle in chemical warfare. Much of the clamor about the horrors of chemical warfare is exaggerated; indeed, it bears at times a most suspicious resemblance to the type of propaganda so insidiously and profitably spread by the armament firms in every country before 1914. But, if we assume the possibility of another great war, then, logically and necessarily, we must assume that the nations in that war will use the most effective weapons. If those weapons are not only the most effective but are also the most easily available, then nothing can stop their use.

Allowing for all exaggeration, chem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical warfare has a most promising future. In particular, gas warfare has every claim for consideration. 'No investigation of future wars,' points out Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the great military critic, 'can overlook the gas weapon, which can not be abolished by decrees of Leagues and Conferences.'

Major Victor Lefebure, who was director of gas warfare on the Western Front during the War and who is one of the greatest authorities on chemical warfare, points out in his *Scientific Disarmament* that civilian populations will find the 'home front' infinitely more dangerous than any other place in the next war. He declares: 'Attempts have been made to minimize the possibilities of gas from the air, but they are, unfortunately, swept aside by the facts. . . . The military aim is to achieve coincidence of high density and objective, and in this respect gas was inefficient during the War, but it moved toward efficiency. . . . The use of gas from the air on crowded cities eliminates the above disadvantages (i.e., the disciplined protection secured by armed troops) and introduces the ideal objective. . . . We should expect (in cities) to reach the concentration that occurred on a few occasions during the War and produced sometimes over 50 per cent of deaths. . . . It might be possible to equip a whole nation with gas masks, but . . . there would be masses of children, invalids, women, etc., who would be virtually unprotected. . . . Under such conditions there is no shadow of doubt that aircraft . . . could produce a density of casualties and death in space and time that has never been equaled or conceived in military operations or serious military thought.'

The chemical industry is now the key war industry. The chemical workers are now the key war workers. Where organized, these workers are shared among a dozen different unions; in general, most of them remain outside organization. There lie in the hands of the workers of Britain two great weapons for the control of the war chemicals. First is the weapon of organization. The second is the weapon of the strike against war. Round Billingham will be fought, so far as the British workers are concerned, the decisive battle of the next war. If the workers at Billingham will not strike against war or if they do strike and the whole of the strength of the British working class is not thrown into the struggle to help them, then there will be no general strike against war. We will be left with an alternative—to live in a socialist England made socialist by the workers or to be gassed in a capitalist England for the greater profit of Melchett, McGowan, and the Monds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are three articles straight from Japan—two by native sons on Manchukuo and population, the third by a lady visitor describing a Japanese dinner.

A Mirror *to* JAPAN

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. JAPAN AND MANCHUKUO

By YOSUKE MATSUOKA

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

I TRUST that Anglo-Japanese friendship will continue to be a vital element in the maintenance of world peace. The abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance ten years ago marked the commencement of a reign of chaos and confusion on the Asiatic mainland. From this both Japan and Great Britain suffered severely, and no other nation has reaped any advantage. Much that has happened during the past decade would not have happened if the Alliance had been preserved.

It is inevitable, or rather natural, that friction should develop occasionally between the trade interests of our two countries. Japan, increasingly industrialized in the inevitable process of her development, could not always remain a handmaid of British industry. To any intelligent mind, however, the fact must be apparent that there exists a certain limit to Japan's potential power and natural resources as an industrial nation.

The bogy of Japan's trade menace is largely traceable to the lack of a sense of proportion. I think that British good sense and cool judgment will prevail and enable the British to estimate correctly what they ultimately have to expect in the way of trade competition from Japan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor will they long fail to discover the futility of any attempt on their part willfully to check the legitimate growth of Japanese industry and trade.

The total of our import excess since the beginning of our foreign-trade relations amounts to as much as 4,500,000,000 yen; to that extent we have bought more than we have sold. A large portion of this amount has gone into British pockets; and to that extent we have contributed to the material welfare of the British people. But in order to rectify this adverse balance of trade Japan was compelled to adopt a policy of industrialization. The Japanese Government and people have united toward the realization of this aim, and so far, favored by a fortunate combination of circumstances, they have attained a measure of success with a fair promise for the future. I do not think our British friends will try to thwart our endeavors to help ourselves merely because the market for their industrial wares happens to be affected to some degree by our advancing trade. They should remember the good customer from whom they have derived profit.

Great Britain and the United States proved good friends in our time of need. We remember it always. We are ever anxious to express our feeling of gratitude, as may be seen from the part we played for the cause of the Allies during the War. I suppose our friendship may some day again prove its positive value to Great Britain.

The advent of the new state of Manchukuo has furnished Japan with an opportunity to demonstrate to the world that she means what she says. Japan only wants to help Manchukuo to grow into a strong and solid independent state where all peoples may enjoy the blessings of peace and good government. This, it is hoped, will incidentally arouse China to an effort to put her house in order.

Strategically, the new state will serve to minimize the possibility of a conflict between Japan and Soviet Russia, since Manchukuo is so situated as to constitute an ideal buffer state, contributing powerfully to the improvement of the general atmosphere prevailing in the regions covering the major portion of northeastern Asia. Economically, by throwing the Manchurian market open to the trade and industries of all countries, wider avenues of employment for Japanese, Manchurian, Korean, and Chinese labor will be created. Then, last but not least, a new field of highly profitable investment will be provided for the capital now accumulating in Japan and the countries of Europe and America. Japan is in a position to answer for the safety of foreign investments.

We challenge the critics to wait and see if Manchukuo will not develop along some such lines and become what we maintain that it will become. Here in a corner of Asia there will arise, within the lifetime of most men now living, a civilized state solidly founded and well equipped.

The alliance with Manchukuo is bound to react favorably on our relations with China when the Chinese people come to realize its real significance. Before long, the Chinese will learn that Manchukuo means peace, order, freedom, and hope for the future. They, and ultimately the world, will find reasons to be sincerely thankful to Japan. For the time being, however, China makes a gesture of re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

senting the action Japan has taken in Manchukuo. But time and actual results will surely enlighten her.

I would ask those who accuse us of imperialistic designs what particular benefit an imperialistic policy of aggression would bring to Japan. The annexation of Manchukuo would defeat the very end we have always had in view. By annexing Manchukuo Japan would become a direct neighbor of Russia, a situation most undesirable for the peace of the Far East and the security and welfare of the Japanese people.

Even in these days, when the Japanese army is engaged in no more than a local pacification campaign against the bandits in scattered regions of Manchukuo, the world hears alarming rumors of an impending war between Japan and the Soviet Union. If this were the case, what would happen, one may ask, if Japan extended her territory so that it touched Russia along a frontier of over a thousand miles? Would such a condition help the cause of peace, which Japan is so eager to promote?

II

The Manchurian incident served to unite the Japanese nation as one man. The gravity of the situation it created in the Far East and at Geneva had a sobering effect on the political parties in Japan, which sank their differences and stood solidly behind General Araki. The circumstance misled some foreign observers into the ridiculous conclusion that the military were running amuck under Araki's dictatorship and were on the high road to establish a Fascist rule in Japan. Nothing was further from the truth.

The army under General Araki came to occupy a conspicuous position only because the development on the Asiatic mainland had absolutely necessitated it. The Chinese war lords, by wantonly trampling upon our vested rights and interests in Manchuria, threatened the very existence of our nation. They had penned us up in a desperate position where, if we did not want to perish or surrender, we had to strike in defense; and strike we did effectively. This is the business of the soldiers. Our soldiers were called upon only to perform their duties. It happened that General Araki headed the military administration soon after the outbreak of the fighting, and this gave the false appearance that he was ruling the nation like a dictator.

In Japan, dictatorship, Fascism, or any similar system in which one man imposes a despotic will on the nation has absolutely no chance to thrive. It is not in the blood of the race to tolerate dictatorship. The moment the Japanese people are dictated to, they will oppose the dictator, whatever the consequences may be. Nobody has any chance of becoming a Fascist dictator. Whatever development may occur, General Araki, or whoever may take his place as the chief of the army, will continue to be a most loyal subject of his Majesty the Emperor, like any other Japanese.

In the short period of a little over sixty years, Japan has imported and assimilated western institutions in such great haste that she has had no time in which to make a proper selection. Almost haphazardly we have taken what came within reach, and in fact we had to, for hesitation and delay meant a serious danger. But now that our Empire is placed on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solid and secure basis and immediate danger is over, we mean to submit this mass of incongruities to a sieving process so that we may retain the good and throw out the bad.

Our effort is being directed to establish harmony between our own civilization, with its ancient traditions, and the best elements of the western culture we have assimilated in modern times. To be sure, we shall not be able to do this in a short period of time; but, when it has been accomplished, we shall have something of which we may well be proud. A civilization purely Japanese, in complete harmony with the Occidental culture, will have been so smoothly established that no one will think that an effort at harmony had ever been made. Japan is not going to be westernized. She is developing her own destiny, culture, and civilization.

Japan is a democratic country, as democratic as any in substance and more democratic than some known officially as democratic, if by this term we understand a form of government by popular representation, with equality of opportunity for all classes. Truly, the strength of our country lies in the essentially democratic nature of its various institutions. Talents are always recognized, encouraged, employed, and given full opportunity to be of useful service to the community, and they are adequately rewarded. Radical propaganda may appeal to inflammable young minds and visionaries, but beyond that it is not going to have any chance. The soil and atmosphere of Japan are not congenial to the growth of extreme radical thought.

The Emperor is the source of all power. He is the fountainhead of all that contributes to the highest good of the state and the community. This is the spirit of our Constitution, but in exercising his power he is bound by his oath, made absolutely of his own free will, to consult the people. The Emperor governs the country in the spirit of democracy. To him, as the source of all power, everybody's chance of success is equal. There is no position in the Government constitutionally closed to a particular individual or a class of individuals. Given talents and opportunity, a plain man can attain to any position under the Emperor.

II. Japan's Population Problem

By Professor Uyeda

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

EVERY serious student of present-day Japanese life will agree that the rapid increase of the population is one of the fundamental factors underlying current events of all kinds. The subject is especially remarkable because that increase is taking place at a time when the population of the European countries has become almost stationary. The birth rates in 1931 were:—

France	..17.4	Sweden	..14.8
Germany	..16.0	Saxony	..12.8
England	..15.8	Japan	..32.1

The total population of Japan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counted 64,450,000 at the 1930 census, and during the last five years the annual births ranged between 2,070,000 and 2,180,000. On the other hand, the death rate is dropping sharply, chiefly owing to the decline in infant mortality. Thus it is considered by some superficial observers that our country is combining the Oriental birth rate and the Occidental death rate and making the increase of number almost limitless. To us such an idea is not convincing.

The English birth rate during the decade 1861–70 averaged 35.2. That is higher than the latest Japanese rate. Since that time it has been falling persistently, and it is now less than half the former rate. Infant mortality (deaths of infants under one year per thousand births) was 156 in 1870, 146 in 1900, and 80 in 1925. The corresponding Japanese rate was 164 in 1921, but it came down only ten years later to 132.

II

What are the facts? First of all one must point out that the Japanese are postponing marriage, and, when they are married, they are raising fewer and fewer children. At present the number of women of reproductive age is rising every year by hundreds of thousands, but the annual number of births increases only very slowly, since it had already reached the two-million mark in 1920. This means that the birth rate is falling. If this tendency goes on for the next thirty or forty years, the population will become stationary in Japan as it has in Europe.

The crucial point of the Japanese population problem is not the infinitude of growth. It lies in the fact that the number of children is large in comparison with the whole population. Accordingly, an increasing number of children leave school every year and apply for employment.

The working population (men and women in the age groups from 15 to 59) was 30 million at the first national census in 1920. It increased to 35 million by 1930, that is, at the rate of 500,000 every year. According to a personal estimate, the same rate will last until it expands to 45 million in 1950. This is ten million above the figure of the 1930 census.

Thus, an increase of ten million persons trying to obtain employment should be expected in the coming twenty years. The country's working population, which has been growing so rapidly, is almost certain to continue its growth at the same rate for at least two decades. How to provide these people with gainful occupation is the vital problem we have to face.

Four remedies have been proposed —the development of home industries, emigration, expansion of export industries, and birth control. Of these the fourth cannot be effective, apart from the moral problems it raises, because those who want employment in the near future are already born and constitute the present child population. Agriculture, although it is still supporting 41 per cent of the whole population, cannot absorb additional workers to any great extent. The number occupied in agriculture was almost the same in 1920 as in 1930.

Up to the present we have utilized most successfully the small volcanic islands called the Japanese Archipelago. Incidentally, its population doubled in the sixty years since western civilization was introduced to the nation hitherto isolated from all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside communication. Every small patch of arable land stretching between mountain ranges is used for rice, barley, wheat, or mulberry. The Japanese villages are at present the most densely populated in the world.

For many years preceding the European War the production of rice in the country increased at a quicker rate than the growth of population. The people who used to eat barley in mixture with rice were able to take more and more rice as the principal item in their diet. But since that time the supply has had to be sought from Korea and Formosa, and, strangely enough, the farmers of Japan proper are now in severe competition with the colonies, where it was found that Japanese rice could be produced cheaper than at home. The control of the rice price has become one of the absorbing questions of the day.

The production of silk cocoons, which is the source of income of many farmers, advanced ever since the country was open to foreign trade—especially since the War and during the American prosperity period. But the outlook for the silk industry is not considered hopeful, as the technique of rayon manufacture is being improved every year. The other branches of primitive industries, such as forestry and fishing, cannot absorb a large additional population, for both are naturally minor industries and the former is meeting foreign competition.

While agriculture cannot absorb additional population, the agricultural villages are showing a much higher birth rate than are the towns and cities. A large number of young people born and brought up in the rural areas emigrate to the urban districts seeking employment. The question arises whether the cities and towns can continue giving them employment. The national census of 1930 showed an increase of only 6.13 per cent over 1920 of gainfully occupied persons, while the total population increased by 14.48 per cent.

If, therefore, the same proportion of the people had been employed in 1930 as in 1920, there ought to have been 2,370,000 more employed. This means that so many persons seeking employment could not find it in 1930. The fact in itself is somewhat alarming.

But when we analyze this figure and find out the unemployment rate in different age groups, male and female, the situation is not so bad. It is shared by 1,040,000 females, 820,000 aged people and children, and 500,000 males between 15 and 59. Improvements in factory and mining laws would explain to some extent the heavy decline of child and female employment.

But it still admits the existence of half a million unemployed men. And, in addition, we must count the diminishing income, either in the form of wages or profits. If such is the condition of industries in relation to population during the last ten years, the prospect for the next twenty years is really a serious question, especially when we recall my estimate that the working population will continue to grow.

III

As to emigration, it is improbable that 50,000 emigrants per annum can be sent out to all the places open to the Japanese, including Manchukuo. Although some thought that emigration to Manchukuo would ease Japan's population problem, serious students of the subject always knew that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there are many obstacles in the way of sending large numbers of people there. The restrictions on emigration to other countries are well known.

Emigration therefore cannot touch the heart of our population problem, although its development is desirable in many respects and although it is certain that any relaxation of restrictive policy on the part of foreign nations will have a good psychological effect. Thus, there is nothing but to turn to the last solution, the expansion of industrial exports, as the only method of dealing with this difficult question.

We can assume, perhaps, although exact figures are not available, that between 7 and 8 million people are now employed in connection with our foreign and colonial trade. If we succeed in enlarging our trade by 50 to 100 per cent within the next twenty years, the greater part of the future increase in the working population will be absorbed. Such an expansion is by no means impossible when we consider the strides our trade has made in the past.

Against this we must set the entirely new world situation—an alarming contraction of international trade as the result of currency instability and policies of increasing economic nationalism. Despite the fact that more recently Japan has been able to gain an unexpected increase of exports, largely because of the falling value of the yen, this advantage will disappear when the exchange rate is stabilized. And counter-measures, high tariffs and quota restrictions, have tended to make our trade situation precarious.

If other countries are ready to buy Japanese manufactures and the Japanese people can raise their standard of living, the country is certain to become a highly profitable market for raw materials, such as wheat and wool, in which a rapidly expanding trade has already developed. It would be regrettable if this fact were not realized and efforts were not made by other nations to examine the possibilities of reaping benefit from Japan's foreign-trade expansion rather than to hinder it—with possibly calamitous results.

III. Japanese Banquet

By Lili Körber

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-language Daily

In one of the spotless private rooms rented for an evening's celebration they sit cross-legged at two low tables, these young Japanese intellectuals, writers, painters, and teachers. With a single exception they wear European clothes. They look comical as they rise in their stocking-feet to make room for me, uttering my name in their strange guttural accent. I, too, cut a curious figure in my evening dress and no shoes, for I had to leave my evening slippers in the vestibule. My host carefully folds my coat and lays it on the floor in the corner on one of the clean mats that a dirty shoe never touches, along with the European and Japanese brief-cases that the young people carry. A Japanese brief-case is simply a bright piece of cloth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which everything is wrapped up together, food, books, and camera, for photography is a Japanese passion. They even wrap up children in these pieces of cloth and fasten them to their mothers' backs. I generally use mine, however, for a dictionary, which is supposed to make the evening's conversation flow more freely.

Now two girls in kimonos decorated with artistic figures bring the first course. It consists of green tea in a little cup and two pieces of poisonous green candy that look as if they were made of rubber. The room is impeccably neat, like every room in Japan. It has walls of brown stone into which black wooden beams have been set. Around the lower part runs a strip of white decorated with hieroglyphics, then there is woodwork paneling with alternating strips of smooth and decorated wood, and above that bamboo sticks are set at regular intervals. The light comes from two dim hemispheres of opaque glass on a platter with a tassel attached to it. The sliding door is painted beige and white, and there are big windows, which also slide open and shut.

The room contains no furniture except the two little tables and a third one in the corner. The cushions on which we sit could hardly be considered furniture. In a Japanese room things possess no importance whatever; the people are everything. The colored silk of the women's kimonos lends life and warmth to these bare rooms, as do the flowers and sprays of foliage, which are almost always abundant.

Now comes the second course—hot napkins. This course appears only because women do not generally attend a Japanese banquet, for what woman in evening dress would dare to wash her face in hot water? The Japanese use powder and paint just as much as European women do, but they put it on differently. They rouge only their lower lips, and they cover their faces and their necks with white rice powder. In any case, as the only woman present, I go directly to the third course, which consists of pea salad.

At this point the girls begin preparing the main dish, the *skiaki*. They light little gas stoves that stand on a metal grill in the middle of each table. The gas pipe runs under the table to the stove. Then they put a frying pan on the stove, cover it with a generous layer of fat and add green onions, beans that look like earth worms, sugar, soya-bean sauce, and finally pieces of meat. Each of the guests takes a saucer containing a raw egg before helping himself to the hot bits of meat. New pieces of meat keep going into the pan, and the guests remove them with their chopsticks. No serving implements are provided. Between every two people stand the *hibachi*, which are red-hot coals and ashes in big braziers, over which one warms one's hands.

Conversation begins to flow. One of the young people asks me what I think of Shakespeare, another what I think of Beethoven, and a third, who is translating Gogol, asks my opinion of modern Russian literature. I talk for ten minutes without interruption. He nods his head in agreement but does not speak. He has understood neither my English nor my Russian but is too polite to show it. They all smile and eat rice with roots that taste like mineral water. I spit mine out and everyone smiles and bows at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this unheard-of piece of rudeness, but they expect it from a European. A Japanese is so disciplined that he would swallow red-hot nails if politeness demanded it. Somewhat depressed I select three sour white beans and drink my *sake* as we smile and bow to one another.

Then we write a card to my mother. The young people express their pleasure in different languages, which they write better than they talk, and tell about the evening that they have spent in my society; one of them even makes a flattering observation about my appearance. Then they hand me a card on which they have all signed their names as a memento. The party becomes more and more animated, and now the great surprise occurs. The door opens and reveals on the threshold the kneeling figure of a heavily powdered, beautiful young woman who greets us with bowed head. The geisha has arrived.

II

At last I see a Japanese woman who is not shy, who does not hold back but deals with men as if she were their equal. She is about twenty years old and wears a beautiful silk kimono with lilac and yellow stripes on a white background and with gray and red flowers. She also has what would correspond to a shirt-waist colored red and silver, an article of apparel that is bought separately to go with the kimono. Then she has a broad *obi*, or girdle, of white silk, richly decorated with orange flowers and green leaves. It is tied in a huge knot behind, stiffened with paper to make it stand out. Her hair is carefully arranged in huge waves, and she has glittering decorations in it like a Christmas tree. On her *obi* she wears a beautiful silver brooch with a green stone holding a spray of flowers in place. Little raspberry-colored knots of silk peep out over the *obi*, but whether they are ornaments or some undergarment I do not know. Japanese women do not wear silk underclothes but a little cotton slip. No shop window, however, throws much light on this garment.

A second geishà with a *sha-mi-sen*, or lute, enters the room and kneels. She is not so pretty, she is older than the other,—about twenty-five,—and her clothes are less expensive. She wears a lilac kimono with white circles, each one surrounded by a black ring, and her *obi* is decorated with white and green flowers. She sits down cross-legged and holds her lute upright. This is the oldest popular instrument in Japan, and like many other cultural wares it comes from China. She plays on its three strings with an ivory pick, and the younger geisha, whose name is Perfume of a Stork, opens her kimono, showing its green silk lapels and the red and white silk coat she wears underneath. She begins to dance, or rather to skip, in her white cotton socks, the big toe of which is separate from the others because the wooden shoe is laced to the foot at this point. Her feet, like those of most Japanese women, are somewhat pigeontoed, but they have not been misshapen in the Chinese fashion. At first she claps her hands gently and moves her arms as she dances, making the sleeves of her kimono flutter like two great wings. Finally she sings in a strange voice, and all the men clap their hands in rhythm to her dancing. Then one of the guests rises from his cushion—it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the young teacher—and invites the geisha to dance; they dance a one-step in their stocking feet to the accompaniment of the oriental lute.

Then the geishas sit down again, drink *sake*, do not look at the men but examine me, discuss something with one another, and finally get up the courage to ask how old I really am. They have no way of telling the age of a European woman since Japanese women show their age by the color of their clothes. At this point I permit myself an indiscreet question and ask how much the clothes of Perfume of a Stork cost. I am told the price was seventy yen, and, since a yen is about a third of an American dollar, that means that the geisha's costume cost about $20, which is an enormous sum in Japan where life is dirt cheap.

The girls sit and talk in a friendly way. There is no coquetry. They do not seek to attract the attention of the young men in any way, and the young men for their part do not pay much attention to the girls. Of course, I do not understand what they are saying, but I do know that the kind of conversation that is customary with barmaids in Europe would never be heard here. Moreover, these are not barmaids in the European sense. Their business is to provide company for the men who never take their wives out with them for an evening's celebration. That is all they are paid for. They are perhaps the most desirable women in Japan. They have studied for years how to move, how to speak, how to serve tea, how to prepare fruit, and Perfume of a Stork would certainly make somebody a very good match.

Finally the evening comes to a close. They bow, say '*danke*' to me in German, having learned it from the young teacher, and smile. Our host leaves the room to pay, and when he returns his expression gives no indication that this banquet has cost him almost a third of his monthly salary when we are still at the beginning of the month. We leave through a lane of bowing women, who are secretly murmuring about this European geisha girl, a person with wretched manners who cannot dance or play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The name of Fritz Thyssen, chief stockholder in the Vereinigte Stahlwerke of Germany, has come to the fore in recent months as the real power behind Hitler. This article, written a year ago, reveals him as a latter-day Stinnes.

Who Is Fritz THYSSEN?

By MAX RUDERT

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*
Prague German-Émigré Weekly

FRITZ THYSSEN has been called upon to complete the task of German socialism. This most recent of all German socialists has received from Hitler the task 'of channeling the free-running stream of revolution into the safe bed of evolution.' Who is Fritz Thyssen?

His father, August Thyssen, the founder of this industrial dynasty, died in 1926, a devout Catholic and a member of the Centre Party. A man obsessed by love of work and love of money, he formed within his own lifetime a gigantic vertical trust of rolling mills, mines, blast furnaces, and iron foundries. Even before the War, he had created a model of modern rationalization. August Thyssen was a short, squat man with a flair for everything gigantic and brutal. He used the first Martin-process steel furnaces with a capacity of a hundred tons and the first five-hundred-ton blast furnaces. He established his enormous smelting works in Lorraine hard by the French frontier, where they could also serve as a springboard to enter the Longwy-Briey basin. He laid his hands on some ore deposits in Normandy, and the Paris press cried out in indignation. He built his own wharfs on the Black Sea, in India, and in Brazil to promote the imperialistic expansion of his industrial colossus.

August Thyssen worked hand in glove with the Catholic Centre Party, which used to be a fighting organization. In return for thirty thousand marks a year, Matthias Erzberger sat on his board of directors, and it so happened that Matthias Erzberger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also sat in the Reichstag. He would have gladly shattered the armor-plate monopoly of Krupp and Stumm in behalf of his friend Thyssen, but the stiff-necked old fellow ruined his plans by insanely demanding guarantees.

This big Catholic industrialist had no scruples. Nobody knows how documents proving Krupp's espionage activities reached the hands of Karl Liebknecht, but everyone suspected August Thyssen because he was the only competing cannon maker who could have laid his hands on such incriminating evidence. Although he owned property valued at four hundred million marks, he was infinitely avaricious. He did not go to his office by automobile but took the street car every day from his robber baron's castle in Landsberg to his Mülheim factory in the Ruhr Valley.

II

August Thyssen's success never penetrated the circumference of his family circle. His wife soon divorced him. His oldest son, August, wanted to marry an aristocratic woman, but the marriage did not take place because the father refused to permit his own family to be ennobled before the wedding occurred. That led to a break between father and son. Young August Thyssen took up socialism for a while and contributed a large sum of money to a socialist strike that was being waged against his father, who promptly tried to muzzle him. Aided by alienists and lawyers, he fought his son for a full year, and in the end young August Thyssen found himself thrown pitilessly into bankruptcy to the tune of eleven million marks.

Old Thyssen also lost his only daughter at an early age. His youngest son, August Heinrich, rid his father of any desire for aristocracy by letting himself be adopted during his father's lifetime by a Hungarian baron from Pressburg, which did not prevent this new member of the Magyar nobility from remaining a strenuously patriotic German. Although he managed to escape all the levies of the German tax collectors, although he maintained his permanent residence in The Hague and spent a great deal of time in Paris, he none the less posed as an ardent German patriot.

During the inflation old August Thyssen suffered from a pathological attack of avarice and died in 1926. He loved but one man, his second son, Fritz Thyssen.

Even at the age of fifty Fritz Thyssen was known as the young Thyssen, and he stands as the classic example of the eternal son. The fact that he has lately become the leading representative of German industry throws the most penetrating light on the utter poverty of the ruling class in the Reich.

When the Vereinigte Stahlwerke was established in 1926 and the Thyssen group gained control of the largest mining trust in the world by possessing 26 per cent of the stock, young Thyssen seemed to have executed an imposing stroke of business. Discerning people, however, noticed that the clever, far-sighted Krupp von Bohlen refused at the eleventh hour to join him on the ground that the Vereinigte Stahlwerke was bound to get into trouble. For this supreme example of German heavy industry suffered from top-heavy, bureaucratic organization to an unparalleled degree. So many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gentlemen attended the directors' meetings that people used to say they had to be introduced to one another. At the first shock of the crisis, this mammoth structure proved incapable of life. The Vereinigte Stahlwerke at once fell into a condition of latent bankruptcy, the most obvious symptom of which was its fantastic debt burden of seven hundred million gold marks. The balance sheet had to be falsified, and Fritz Thyssen began looking about for some means of covering himself politically.

A year before, Thyssen had gone over to the Nationalist Party along with the sons of other leading industrialists who had previously been connected with the Centre Party but found themselves forced into the more reactionary Protestant group. They had no personal recollections of the old cultural struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, and thus the only political bond that held German Catholicism together collapsed. As a matter of fact, the real collapse came in 1918 when, in spite of Catholic opposition, the franchise was extended to women. But the Centre Party did not collapse until later.

As a member of the Nationalist Party, Fritz Thyssen found himself on intimate terms with his neighbor, Alfred Hugenberg, who was also general director of Krupp. Moreover, Thyssen's interest in the Alpine Montangesellschaft enabled him to finance the Austrian Heimwehr. Only when the rôle of west German heavy industry in European politics of the past thirty years is known will it be clear what it means to live in a period of imperialism. Almost all the political catastrophes of this epoch—Morocco, Baghdad, 1914, the annexation programme, the peace treaties, the sabotage of reparations, the Ruhr occupation, the inflation, rationalization, the world crisis, and National Socialism—are closely identified with that 'union of the firm hand' that was and remains the secret dictator of Germany. It is not without significance that in recent years Fritz Thyssen has been the last representative of the old families who developed and owned these industries, for at his side stand only those men whose ruthlessness has enabled them to rise to the rank of general director—such men as Kirdorf, Winkhaus, Vögler, Tengelmann, Reusch, Hasslacher, and the sharp-practising organizers of syndicates, Schlenker, Grauert, and von Löwenstein.

III

Fritz Thyssen was one of the first men in this group to go over to Hitler, and people joked a great deal about the curious brand of socialism suddenly appearing in the camp of heavy industry. What led a man like Thyssen to the brown-clad troublemakers? Simply this. As a big industrialist Thyssen perceived that there was no way out of the existing economic crisis, but he perceived it in his own way. He had not suddenly discovered Karl Marx's teachings concerning the end of capitalism, nor had the polite parlor philosophy of the skeptical Rathenau penetrated him. No, Fritz Thyssen remained closely bound by his own personal limitations. To him continuation of liberal, capitalistic economic measures would have simply meant drawing up an honest balance sheet, announcing bankruptcy, reducing his company's common stock by at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least 50 per cent, which would have meant that Thyssen's own share would have been reduced to about 10 per cent. And he would have encountered the opposition of a leading banking group or of the omnipotent state. That must never be. It was better to stake everything on the Third Reich.

The sums that he gave to Hitler in the three years before National Socialism came into power were considerable. Heavy industry sprang to the aid of National Socialism with regular contributions running into the millions. The National-Socialist Thyssen, of course, never gave any thought to the personal consequences of his new party allegiance. Although not at all narrow-minded in his private life, he felt no inconsistency in supporting the most rabid anti-Semitism. He remained president of the Jew-infested International Crude Steel Association at a time when the movement that he supported was attacking the international affiliations of any labor organization as the worst form of treason. In his business life he walked arm in arm with Jew, Christian, and Hottentot, as his now forgotten deal with the huge block of 'Gelsenberg' [Gelsenkirchener Bergwerks A. G.] stock revealed with painful clarity.

IV

In that affair Brüning's Finance Minister handed over to Herr Flick, the industrial ally of Jacob Goldschmidt's bank, a fantastic sum of money for the majority of stock in the big Gelsenkirchen Coal Company, millions more than this stock was really worth. How the Nazi organs raged at the crooked Flick for shamelessly swindling the Reich, and how they attacked the corruption, promising to destroy it with fire and sword. Flick and the Brüning Government finally justified this crazy deal by saying they had bought the shares in order to prevent the biggest German coal company from falling into the hands of the French, who were also bidding for its control. The public doubted that any such mysterious offer had ever been made, and when denials came from Paris it was generally assumed that Germany had been deceived. But at this point Flick made a sensational revelation. The man who was representing the French bidders, and who was thus trying to hand over an enormous portion of Germany's industrial wealth to France, was none other than Fritz Thyssen. This happened in 1932, at a time when Hitler and Göring were close friends of Thyssen's and constant guests at his castle in Landsberg.

Then, when the great party crisis came in the winter of 1932, Fritz Thyssen stood by the imperiled leader. He invited Hitler, whose votes had declined in the November elections, to his castle in Landsberg and severed the ties that had bound heavy industry to Papen, Schleicher, and Hugenberg. Hitler has never forgotten this. Göring and Goebbels also received Thyssen gratefully as one of their most important pillars of strength, because ever since March, 1932, Gregor Strasser's rapid progress had been threatening them. The fact that Strasser had let himself be chosen chairman of the Langnamverein, the biggest industrial labor union in western Germany, was merely the first step to bigger things. Later, through the successful underground rescue of the steel trust, which was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done in a liberal capitalistic fashion but in a very different way, Hitler repaid his friend for services rendered, and the great industrialist Thyssen thus conquered the crisis as far as his own affairs were concerned.

But behind the person of the Mülheim steel magnate another power gathered during 1933, and it wanted something more than protection of any one individual's interest. That power is German heavy industry.

It is not yet fully clear what went on behind the scenes during the summer of 1933 when Hitler proclaimed that capitalism would continue its course unmolested. Whether the Leader remembered certain debts that he had incurred before he came into power, or whether the decline of industrial exports, the threat to the currency, or the necessity for German heavy industry to continue its war preparations forced his hand—all these things will be revealed in the course of time. But the chairman of the Reich Association of German Industry, Krupp von Bohlen, and Geheimrat Duisberg, head of the big chemical trust, have had some reservations about the Third Reich. Fritz Thyssen therefore became the man who incorporated the interests of his class. To both sides, to the Brown dictator and to the money bags, he seemed the indicated go-between, and this position of his became official when he was named economic dictator of the Ruhr.

The capitulation of 'German socialism' to German capitalism goes on relentlessly. The most corrupt demagogy, the most shameless betrayal that modern political history has witnessed are now revealed. In the person of Thyssen this betrayal takes concrete form, and Thyssen himself has given one of the most profound indications of the capitulation that has occurred in a manner that has attracted but little notice. In his first proclamation he declared that voices had been raised demanding 'a return to independent economic action in the liberal sense.' He then added: 'There had also been talk of tariff agreements again and of a revival of outside influences in the trade unions and of a return to wild competition. I must attack all such efforts with the utmost relentlessness. Wild competition in particular has no place in the new professional order.'

This attack against the 'outsider,' who is supposed to be furthering 'wild competition,' which has no place in 'ordered economics,' is the old complaint of the big fellow against the little one in the field of industry, the complaint of the over-organized, top-heavy trust against the competition of smaller, more mobile rivals. Thyssen, the economic dictator and big capitalist, announces that he will 'attack with the utmost relentlessness.' He will turn the state power of the Third Reich not only against the worker but against smaller enterprises. That is the kind of socialist Fritz Thyssen is. That is German socialism.

V

Since October 27, 1933, there can be no serious difference of opinion concerning what lies behind the words 'Third Reich,' 'National Socialism,' and 'Awakened Germany.' Under cover of Hitler's exaltation and the mystical fog that he has raised, a clever board of directors has come to a decision, the significance of which is unmistakable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cream of German economics and finance met in Berlin on October 27. They formed a brilliant assembly —noble nitwits, frantic money-makers, builders of great factories, and the pitiful descendants of mighty dynasties. There sat Ernst Tengelmann, the ex-foreman who had been trained by Hugo Stinnes. He had risen from the lowest ranks to the post of general director of 'Gelsenberg.' There sat Dr. Friedrich von Siemens, the engineer, old Emil Kirdorf, an industrial adventurer with an aroma of the Bismarck period about him, Baron Heinrich von Bornemisza, who was spending the millions he had inherited from his father, August Thyssen, in The Hague. There were Albert Vögler, Stinnes's former associate and now general director of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, looking like a Prussian non-commissioned officer, and any number of imposing nonentities.

The big dye trust was represented by general director Hasslacher of 'Rheinstahl' and commercial counsellor Hermann Schmitz, who used to pull wires in the days of the Brüning-Papen-Schleicher Governments. Dr. Werner Kehl appeared in behalf of the Deutsche Bank and Discontogesellschaft. It was under his auspices that the Düsseldorf bank director, Schäfer, gave millions to Kehl's friends in every industry and then fled the country with the connivance of the bank directorate. In the background, always on the watch, lurked Otto Wolff and Friedrich Flick, who used to hold a majority of shares in the steel trust and had made and lost millions. The German Reich, which held the majority of the stock, had a symbolic representative in the form of Dr. Hans von Flotow, who had been commissioned since 1932 to work out a reorganization project for the steel trust. He made common cause with the Düsseldorf clique and temporized until his friends had escaped from danger. But the figure that dominated the meeting was Fritz Thyssen, who had attained leadership by his activities behind the scenes of the criminal Third Reich. He came straight from Essen, where he and Göring had been photographed serving soup to the unemployed. A few hours later he discreetly helped himself to a majority of shares in the steel trust, and it is with these shares that we are concerned here.

The assembled gentlemen represented the boards of directors of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, the Gelsenkirchener Bergwerks A. G., the Phönix A. G., and the van der Zypen Steel Works. They controlled 75 per cent of Germany's ore reserves and 50 per cent of its coal reserves. Two hundred thousand workers, sixty thousand workers' dwellings, 134 million square metres of property, a railway network extending from Paris to Königsberg, 14 harbors, 219 power stations—these are a few figures that have to do with this vast industrial duchy, the biggest of its kind in Europe.

On October 27 a company meeting occurred 'in the sense of paragraph 34 of the commercial law code.' The Vereinigte Stahlwerke A. G. was dissolved, and the Gelsenkirchener Bergwerksaktiengesellschaft was merged with the other concerns that belonged to the steel trust. It was a harmless manipulation that the German economic press referred to as merely capital reorganization.

There was no doubt about the reorganization, but it meant that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reich had lost all influence in industry. Until October 27 the Government actually controlled nearly 80 per cent of the shares in the German steel trust, but the merger meant that it was almost completely excluded from this colossus of capital.

The participation of the Reich in the German steel trust was one of the greatest financial scandals of recent years. Back in 1932 Finance Minister Dietrich bought from Friedrich Flick, the owner of the Gelsenkirchener Bergwerksgesellschaft, a block of stock in 'Gelsenberg' for a hundred million marks. This was provided for in a secret agreement, which the officials of the Treasury Department did not learn about until some months afterward. But this corruption belonged to the period of the Second Reich, and there was some excuse for it since otherwise 'Gelsenberg' and its affiliated banks would have failed.

Dietrich bought the shares at 90 although they were selling at the time for 42. The supposed value of the shares purchased by the Reich came to 127 million marks, the total capital being 250 millions, and this gave the Reich possession of 51 per cent of 'Gelsenberg' stock. Furthermore, the Reich also controlled the whole steel trust, for the Gelsenberg Trust controlled 79 per cent of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke directly or indirectly. Besides this, 'Gelsenberg' owned large shares in other big concerns, notably the Phönix, a company capitalized at 200 million marks, of which 'Gelsenberg' controlled 47 per cent.

But the time had come to 'rebuild' the steel trust. The existing concerns were therefore merged, and 'Gelsenberg' transformed into the Vereinigte Stahlwerke with a capital of 560 millions. In consequence, the Reich's share of 127 million marks came to about 22 per cent of the entire capitalization, in other words, less than one-fourth, which is the minimum qualified minority. The Reich, which formerly held four-fifths of the steel trust, saw its influence decline to barely one-fifth. All this, of course, happened with the express consent of Hitler.

VI

Nor was this all. The Reich might have possessed a qualified minority of shares in the reorganized steel trust if its holdings had included 24 million marks' worth of shares to which it had a claim. But what happened to these 24 million marks' worth of shares has never been made public. Even the German press speculates on the subject. Perhaps, however, we can gain a clearer insight if we examine the new alignment of forces in the steel trust. The Reich has been squeezed out; indeed, it has let itself be squeezed out. The principal gainers are Fritz Thyssen, who came into possession of 15 per cent of the total capital after the reorganization, then 'Rheinstahl,' representing the dye trust, with 11 per cent, then Otto Wolff with 10 per cent, and a Dutch group with 10 per cent. All these groups together control 46 per cent, and since 30 per cent is scattered among the general public they control the real majority.

Fritz Thyssen occupies a special position as the owner of the largest single block of shares. He also managed this new piece of corruption and has been made official economic dictator of the Ruhr. It does not take much imagination to suspect that the remaining 24 millions that belonged to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Reich but that the board of directors never 'recognized' came into his pockets and thus increased his participation to about 20 per cent. Moreover, as economic dictator, Thyssen is the real representative of the share that remains to the Reich, consisting of 22 per cent, and he is thus the head of the whole steel trust.

VII

The National-Socialist financial editors are loyal supporters of Thyssen's. They would have us know that the dye trust has lost interest and has resigned the entire field to Thyssen. The stock markets, however, have reacted in quite a different way, and the stock of the 'Rheinstahl' company, which the dye trust controls, rose shortly after the merger, whereas all the other steel stocks, including 'Gelsenberg,' declined rapidly. It appears that the dye trust has taken up the cudgels against Thyssen and is trying to win some of his booty away from him. There is a larger amount of capital on the side of the dye trust, but Thyssen has the power of the Government behind him, and it is of supreme importance economically.

Bismarck, William II, even Ludendorff never acted so openly, so completely in accordance with the dictates of the money power. They had feudal, bureaucratic, or tactical limitations, and they generally moved cautiously because they feared the masses. Only after organized, physical destruction of the last posts of resistance has the path become free for shameless, unveiled corruption. The first chapter of the vast criminal conspiracy took political form. The second chapter now begins in economic form.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Dr. Schacht

By Joachim Haniel

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Political Weekly

JUST as all political power in Germany has been concentrated in the hands of Hitler, so all economic power has now been concentrated in the hands of Schacht. Actually, however, the replacement of Schmitt by Schacht as Minister of National Economy is not so important as it may appear, for developments during the past year have tended to concentrate real power more and more in the hands of the president of the Reichsbank. As Germany drifted further toward a condition of complete self-sufficiency and broke off its connections with foreign countries more and more completely, the whole question of bills of exchange became more important.

The debt negotiations with foreign creditors over which Dr. Schacht presided overshadowed the conferences about trade agreements that the Ministry of National Economy was conducting. The commercial treaties that finally came into existence merely reflected what the president of the Reichsbank wished to grant or withhold in the matter of bills of exchange. The supplies of bills of exchange and raw materials came to depend more and more on the Reichsbank and made ever-deepening inroads on the domestic market, transforming the whole mechanism of private business.

Nevertheless, the Minister of National Economy served as a kind of brake. Theoretically, Schmitt did not attack private business and, though he may have had to sign too many revolutionary laws, he mitigated and diluted them to the best of his ability. This has now come to an end. Schacht, the relentless, wild, hasty man of impulse, is to be left entirely to himself, and the complete power that Hitler invested in the Minister of National Economy a few weeks ago becomes really dangerous. The right to alter any law without reference to what other laws may be on the books will become a disturbing factor of the first order when administered by a man with such a genius for the unexpected.

This will become most evident from abroad. Schmitt was a man whose personal honesty was recognized, whom people believed, and with whom one was at least able to do business. But Schacht's dishonorable, obscure manœuvres with bills of exchange have cost him whatever reputation he may have had abroad. He now figures as an adventurer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even as a psychopathic case. Since he has become Germany's official representative foreigners will have to deal with him, but over a barrier of reluctance, and the fact that this unpredictable, shifty mind of his now enjoys complete control of German economy will not restore the country's lost stability.

Moreover, Schmitt had the confidence of the small industrialist and especially of the medium industrialist. Schacht, on the other hand, is trusted only by the industrial barons. This fact is likely to have fatal results on the country's economic development, for industries of moderate size always played a much more important part in Germany's economic structure than the big industries, especially at the present moment when Germany's problem might be described as liquidating its supplies of raw materials.

For up to this summer Schacht's policy consisted in artificially diminishing the Reichsbank's supply of bills of exchange. Some of these bills of exchange he used to pay back credits that no one demanded of him. Another portion he devoted to purchasing extra imports in spite of the measures that were being taken to reduce Germany's purchases abroad. The result was that Germany became over-stocked with raw materials while the Reichsbank possessed a bare minimum of bills of exchange, so few indeed that, if the supply had sunk any further, business would have stopped altogether. Schacht then appeared at the transfer negotiations with empty pockets and announced that Germany could not pay any more debts. His next task, however, must be, and indeed is, to turn the country's excessive imports to profit, that is to say, to find some use for the artificially enlarged supplies of raw materials. Industry must now import less. It must work with the raw materials that have already been imported, and the retailer must get rid of the goods on his shelves. In this way, the original situation may again arise, Germany will have a smaller supply of goods, and Dr. Schacht, after a few months of reduced imports, will have a sufficient supply of bills of exchange.

BUT this policy can be carried out only if industry coöperates. If it offers opposition through fear of inflation, through fear of a shortage of raw materials, or through fear of political disturbances and refuses to follow this road back, Schacht may be able to throttle imports, but he will have the utmost difficulty in forcing industry to fabricate its raw materials and sell them. But if industry tries to retain its accumulation of raw materials at all costs, there will be no compensation for the enormous excess of imports, and any attempt to throttle imports still further will lead only to a decline in production, increased unemployment, a shortage of consumers' goods, and higher prices. If all this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happens, Dr. Schacht's clever manœuvre with the bills of exchange will have led to nothing but a severe and perhaps fatal economic crisis.

If he wanted to, Schacht could avoid reducing imports to such a dangerously low level. He could, since German exports still balance the country's normal need for imports, postpone the replenishment of the Reichsbank's supply of bills of exchange until some later date when less harm would result. But there is another consequence of his grandiose theatrical gesture with the bills of exchange that he did not foresee and that compels him to release his bills of exchange at once. Foreign countries that sent a certain amount of goods to Germany on credit are refusing to extend any more credit to the country. They are demanding payment in gold.

The decision of the English cotton spinners is typical in this connection. During the past year Germany bought yarn from Lancashire costing two and a half million pounds. To-day it owes five hundred thousand pounds, in other words, an amount equal to two and a half months of imports. The spinners, however, have decided not to send any more goods to Germany until these old bills are paid. In like manner the Dutch wholesale grain merchants have told the German importers that they will deliver no more grain until all the freight and insurance charges are paid. Numerous other organizations and individual traders abroad are taking the same course, although their decisions are not always announced in the form of round-robin agreements. The news that the enormous German steel trust has lately received a miserable credit of a hundred thousand pounds from England is being featured in all the German papers as if it were something extraordinary.

The result of this demand for payment in cash is that during the next few months the Reichsbank will not only be unable to pay what it owes on imports already received; it will not even be able to pay for current imports. Thus the country must sacrifice its last supply of bills of exchange. It must drain itself completely dry in order to procure the goods that it requires.

It therefore becomes doubly necessary to liquidate the supplies of raw materials that have already been imported and to free the bills of exchange for other purposes than buying further imports, and the problem that Schacht faces on entering office consists in forcing various supplies of goods upon the markets. Certainly these difficulties are not impossible to overcome. Negotiations with foreign countries, negotiations with domestic industries allaying fears of a shortage of goods could accomplish a great deal. But Schacht, whose tactics have made relations with other countries so strained, is not the man to apply such gentle methods. Just as he turned his back on foreign countries, so he is now shaking his fist in the face of German industry, especially the German

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industries of moderate size. And the compulsory laws that used to follow one another at intervals of a few weeks are now appearing almost every day, increasing the tension rather than diminishing it.

As the economic dictator uses more and more extreme methods,—and here we confront the insoluble contradiction of the whole régime, its most profound weakness,—he must bring more and more pressure to bear on capitalistic economics, which demand complete freedom. It is not to be supposed that the clumsy hands of Dr. Schacht can reconcile this inner contradiction. Rather should we expect the opposite.

Marshal Lyautey

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-official Daily

There are national bereavements that remain strictly national: one is affected by them in so far as one forms a moral part of a vast mass of common emotions and interests. But there are others that remain equally general yet affect thousands of us in our most secret sensibilities, in that zone of emotions where our true feelings and profound impulses are formed.

When I learned that Marshal Lyautey had died, I thought how grieved those men must be to whom he had given something—moral support, direction, a good example, a friendly word, or sometimes a great service—and who now felt this intimate blow as acutely as if it had struck their own lives. These men would add a more discreet and personal suffering to the universal mourning, for they were overwhelmed by a burden of gratitude that no one else could share. There are great men who serve society only, but there are others who, while serving the common good, communicate some of their virtues to innumerable individuals. Marshal Lyautey belonged to the latter type.

He belonged to it because he could not help giving himself. Everything has been said about his activity, but this activity arose from an irresistible need to create. He loved to create, or to re-create, human beings just as he loved to build cities and empires. He told me one day that, after he had been made a colonel in the district south of Oran, he had all the hot-heads in the country sent to him—and Heaven knows that there are plenty of them in Algeria—many of whom were in danger of being court-martialed. His theory was that there may be bad leaders but that there are no bad soldiers. To him a man on the wrong track was someone whom the leader had not known how to direct. When the offender came into his presence, he told him that it was up to him to regain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the confidence of his chief and that he knew that he could depend upon the soldier's courage and honor. Any man treated so kindly when on the edge of the abyss remained forever devoted to his colonel. 'Of all the men whom I saved in this way,' the Marshal concluded, 'not one has deceived me.'

How many of those men who learned the news of his death on the 27th of July must have wept? The man who was a hero in the eyes of the world was their savior. Had the Marshal been able to see their tears no others would have touched him more deeply.

He entered life with faith, faith in the spirit of creation. But what was there to create in the world in which he grew up between 1879 and 1889? André Maurois, in his beautiful book on Marshal Lyautey, tells of the young man's unrest and doubt. Two men helped him to gain full consciousness of his genius—Count Albert de Mun and Viscount Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, both of whom were then trying to give a moral direction to the young men of their time. Those who gladly listened to the author of the *Roman Russe* included Arthur Fontaine, Paul Desjardins, and the future conqueror of Morocco. To judge from results, we must admit that the ideas bore fruit. Vogüé has not yet risen to the position that he deserves. He is at once famous and little read. It is high time that we knew him better.

Marshal Lyautey was always preoccupied with the great problems of destiny. If I may be permitted to quote a very personal example in relation to so great a subject, let me recall an episode that I consider particularly significant. I had published in a magazine a story on the contradictions between dreams and action. The Marshal honored me by sending me a letter on this subject, enlarging upon his own ideas. I called on him to thank him, and he told me that this problem had interested him all his life. In Tonkin, in the tent of one of his comrades, he spent long hours of nighttime conversation debating which was superior —dreams or action. I was amazed to learn that at the age of seventy-six, this tremendous man of action could still take interest in such a question.

At the same time I understood another aspect of his nature. Whatever he may have accomplished, he always faced life in the state of mind of one who may have to begin all over again to-morrow. On the eve of his death he remained the same man he had been at the beginning of his career, anxious above all else to combine thought and action. If anyone has been able to re-live in our own day that dream of so many men, if anyone has been able to resurrect the Renaissance type of artist-warrior, that man is Marshal Lyautey.

It seems that Nature herself destined him for his rôle; not from the very beginning, to be sure, for he was rather frail in his youth. With that extraordinary face, powerful and refined, with his clear eyes, strong jaw,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and long mustache, he looked like some great feline, always ready to leap. No photograph can do justice to the power of his glance, that dominating, penetrating, direct, imperious look that could at times grow fixed, almost haggard, so saturated had it become with the essence of his inner life. And his rasping, abrupt speech added to his extraordinary personality. It was the voice of someone who decides once and for all and who seemed always to foresee a danger or a surprise. It is enough to recall these physical attributes and to think that they are no more to perceive the void that Marshal Lyautey's death is bound to leave in the life of France and of so many Frenchmen.

His letters reveal his love of literature. On February 29, 1896, he wrote from the depths of Tonkin that he had just received a copy of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the work of a young poet, Henri de Régnier, appeared. He told us that at the end of the battle he paused to read this poem 'by the light of our camp-fire, which shed its glow on the side of a great ledge that we had captured.'

The poem that he came upon at that moment read as follows:—

Porte haute! ne crains pas l'ombre; laisse ouvert
Ton battant d'airain dur et ton battant de fer:
Car, sous ta voûte sombre où résonnaient leurs pas,
Des hommes ont passé qui ne reculent pas.

He also wrote with enthusiasm that he and his direct superior, Colonel Galliéni, had discovered another young poet, an Italian then unknown in France, named Gabriele d'Annunzio.

In the heat of battle he never lost that spirit of meditation that marked the beginning of his life. In crossing Hué he stopped and wrote: 'Night is falling, and it is a beautiful spectacle indeed from the terrace of the pagoda. The spirit of the fallen empire rises from the ground wrapped in evening fog, and the recollection of the Mistra terrace above Sparta comes back to me. Empires that fell two thousand years ago. It was the remoteness of time twenty years ago; it is the remoteness of race to-day, but the veil of legend that hangs over them is the same: Lycurgus and Minh-Mang, their names have the same vague far-off sound, as if heard in a dream. "Sleep and dream," murmur the palms this evening as their leaves rustle with the same funereal sound that the priest's little bell made when it tinkled at dawn.'

Captain Lyautey met Colonel Galliéni in Tonkin and learned a fine lesson from him in colonial policy. He learned that the purpose of conquest is to create government and enrich life. His letters give us the most typical details concerning the Colonel's method. When the Colonel had foreseen, organized, and taken control of everything, entrusting each man with a share of the responsibility, he refused to worry, even though complications threatened; his one concern was to preserve his intellec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tual liberty and his serenity. Lyautey describes him in the crisis of action, after he had given orders for the next day and taken the necessary precautions, sitting down on a camp stool and reading the autobiography of John Stuart Mill or an English novel.

Much later Marshal Lyautey remembered this characteristic when fanatical tribes threatened Fez in 1912, and the situation, though not desperate, appeared extremely serious. He asked one of his officers, M. Alfred Droin, to recite his latest poems at the end of the dinner and afterward requested him to read something of Vigny's, for he knew that poetry soothes anguish and crystallizes energy by transporting the soul to a region where it can breathe.

EVERYTHING has been said about his genius as an organizer, about the excellence of his ideas, about his wonderful gift of making the best of every situation. He developed his qualities in Morocco because the territory gave him the scope he needed, although he had already begun to show who he was in Madagascar. When he had conquered the native chief, Rabezavana, who still held certain parts of the jungle with a group of skillful warriors, he wrote him that he would promise to spare his life but nothing more. Rabezavana expected to be at least deported, but Lyautey added, 'Having estimated the fellow and talked with his envoys, I came to a decision: to leave him free, to reinstate him as a commander in his own country, and to entrust him with the task of restoring this region where everyone knows him and respects him. It is high time to work toward reconciliation.'

'To estimate the fellow'—the great colonizer is revealed in these words as well as the great chief. One must first judge human beings—that was Napoleon's greatest gift. Every important, powerful life has been based on psychological penetration, and Marshal Lyautey's was no exception in this respect. He rarely made a mistake in judging human capacity and was therefore able to act quickly, for he always felt time pressing in on him. He had another secret—he saw everything. M. Henri Thétard, who established the first zoo at Vincennes, told a while ago that when the Marshal opened the Colonial Exposition he wanted to climb the rock above the lions' den. It was a slippery and sharply rising path where the slightest misstep would have sent him headlong into the den. His officers followed him, but the civil officials standing below watched his boldness with a jealous eye. He was seventy-six years old and as agile as a young man.

One more thing must be said. In an epoch as gray as our own, Marshal Lyautey already seems an almost legendary figure, and there is not a single detail in this kingly and kindly existence that jars with the general impression. He was one of the last men who had a distinctly per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal style, and that style was evident in every word and every action. Nothing that he did could have been done by another. He put himself heart and soul into everything he undertook, into the little things as well as the big ones.

Interviewing Wang Ching-wei

By a Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

I WENT from Shanghai to Nanking seeking out Prime Minister Wang Ching-wei. Nanking is about as far from Shanghai as Washington is from New York. An ancient wall surrounds the new capital, which lies on a broad, jagged plateau. A wide street runs from the brand-new station, which I first saw four years ago. At that time the street was lined with carefully planted little trees and finally lost itself in fields out of which wild birds flew. We now take big, water-green buses here. The government buildings, which were a mass of scaffolding and brick during my last visit, have now sprung up by the dozen. The Naval Ministry stands near an old arched doorway and is decorated like an exposition pavilion with a golden anchor over the door and a white sun casting rays made of blue plaster of paris. This is the symbol of the Kuomintang.

Theoretically, China lives under the rule of the formula that Sun Yat-sen, leader of the Chinese Revolution and founder of the capital at Nanking, left behind him. It ran as follows: rule of the land through the Kuomintang and through the Party. In theory the National Government combines the Party and its numerous committees in a single emanation: authority radiates from the president, whose name only a few Chinese know, and five *Yuans* or big councils.

Sun Yat-sen, whose basic ideas were strongly influenced by Lincoln, Montesquieu, and Karl Marx, wanted to give China a constitution that would combine all the advantages of European and American constitutions. It is unnecessary to note the fact that he failed to construct any machinery of government or to recall the twenty years of revolution and inner struggle that China passed through. Luckily, Chiang Kai-shek finally took the reins in his hands, and during the past seven years energetic measures have succeeded in checking destructive tendencies. He has freed himself from the Kuomintang, which possesses only a theoretical unity, and is trying to unite the country under his own personal dictatorship. Out of cleverness and desire not to 'lose face,' he still retains the constitutional framework,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he has refurbished it in the Chinese manner, with the ultimate objective of keeping a free hand for himself. Wang Ching-wei, president of the executive *Yuan*, is one of his closest collaborators.

The Prime Minister, for that is what he really is, receives me in his villa at a richly laden tea table, and I am able to question him with the utmost ease on the reconstruction programme that he has devised.

'Above all we are to put our finances in order. For that purpose a conference of all the provincial financial directors, except those from the provinces occupied by Japan, has been summoned here in Nanking. We divide our provinces into two categories: those in which the Central Government collects taxes and subsidizes public works—and these form by far the majority—and the independent provinces, which still maintain their own troops and spend their taxes paying for their soldiers. There are only three of them left, Kwangtung, Szechwan, and Kwangsi. Originally an effort was made to bring them to heel by force, to discharge the troops, and to take over the taxes. But we have had to abandon these measures, and I myself favor a policy of tolerance and persuasion.'

Wang Ching-wei still has the same smooth, open, youthful face that surprised me so much when I first saw him in Peking in 1930. At that time he was trying to organize a northern government against Chiang Kai-shek. Still earlier, back in 1911, it was he who came to Peking to murder the prince regent. He was sentenced to death and owes his life to the love of his young wife, Miss Chen Pin-chin, who let herself be sent to jail in order to marry him, and thus gained him a pardon. He was freed as a result of the Revolution and presently became one of the most influential Left-wing leaders of the Kuomintang. He it was who supported Borodin, issued Dr. Sun's testament, and fought the first Nanking Government from Hankow. He had to flee, but he returned, resumed the struggle, until Chiang Kai-shek decided to place complete civil power in his hands. All these adventures and years in exile have left no mark on the smooth face of this beloved disciple of the great teacher, Sun Yat-sen.

The windows of the dining-room overlook a garden laid out in the French style. While Wang Ching-wei is offering me tea with the greatest politeness, he describes his programme of domestic reconstruction. Tsen Tsong-ming, his Railway Minister, who received a doctor's degree at the University of Paris, translates his conversation when necessary. Great plans are under way. A railway line has been completed from Canton to Hankow and another line from Chekiang to Hupeh is under construction, as well as a line connecting Kiangsu and Kwantung. Twenty thousand kilometres of highways have been built in the last two years, and air travel is being developed rapidly. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two-year record is all the more extraordinary in view of the war with Japan and China's financial difficulties. Wang Ching-wei calls attention to how necessary the help of more progressive nations is to aid China's development.

'Will the Japanese statement of April 17,' I asked him, 'compel your Government to forgo any help from abroad, Mr. President?'

Wang Ching-wei replied, 'If it is a question of technical assistance, which our country needs most urgently, certainly not. Japan cannot close our doors, doom China to vegetate, and monopolize the country. Our statements show what the attitude of our Government will be, but diplomatic relations with Japan remain very difficult. A peace-loving nation like ourselves cannot consider war. Japan, being able to win only military victories, seizes every opportunity to make us feel its superiority and the strength of its military equipment. China can not, of course, recognize a deliberate occupation of the northern provinces, but the question of resuming postal and railway communication with them has become a purely technical matter, now that Japan has left the League of Nations, and can be discussed as such without compelling China to undertake the impossible and recognize Manchuria.'

'Has the doctrine that General Chiang Kai-shek represents, the doctrine of the New Life, a Fascist tendency?'

'From the start I have deprecated the doctrine of the New Life. What General Chiang Kai-shek had principally in mind was the danger of Communist ideas, which were undermining the moral doctrines of the Chinese. We want to weaken Communism by spiritual means and to reëstablish the fundamental virtues of our people, and it is for that reason that we support the movement. It is a matter of reinstating the cult of the family and restoring respect for the intellect among the undisciplined students. General Chiang Kai-shek keeps a sharp eye on discipline and moral simplicity. You know China well enough to know that Fascism would find no nourishment in its soil.'

'How about the Blue Shirts?'

'Originally, these were nothing but a kind of corps to raise military discipline. Furthermore, the Blue Shirts have no connection with the New Life movement.'

These statements suffice to show the changes that time has wrought in this man who, in his youth, supported Sun Yat-sen. Ten years ago he and Chiang Kai-shek stood at the forefront of the revolutionary, anti-religious, anti-bourgeois movement led by the Russian, Borodin. Since that time the Kuomintang has gone over to what people then called reaction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are two examples of the fantastic in literature—the one an essay defining the *genre*, the other a short story. Both of them come from France.

Studies *in the* FANTASTIC

A French Symposium

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

I. On the Fantastic

By Pierre Abraham

WELL, no, I sha'n't look it up in Littré. I'll take a chance of committing a solecism and set out alone in search of the definition of the fantastic. Of course, I shall remain ignorant of the subtle bonds between the fantastic, the fanciful, and fantasms, but perhaps this very ignorance will provide the more rapid solution of the problem.

In the first place, one could write a wonderful chapter on the fantastic in relation to chronology—the chronology of human history, its events or its inventions. Chronology of the past, chronology of the future. Some will say that all accounts of the past are bound to be fantastic, especially if we go far back to the time when historic documents are scarce. From this point of view, J.-H. Rosny's novels on prehistoric man must be considered as more fantastic than Alexandre Dumas's stories about the people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Others will say that all speculation regarding the future dips into the fantastic, especially if we try to pierce the maze of a future so distant that all previsions regarding its nature must be hazardous. Thus, Jules Verne's novels, some of which science has already verified, are less fantastic that H. G. Wells's, which are still ahead of scientific discovery.

One could write a second wonderful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chapter on the fantastic in relation to geography. Some will say that the fantastic can be measured in miles as well as in years and that a Loti novel on Iceland or Tahiti is more fantastic than a novel by Octave Feuillet on Parisian life. But the geographic-fantastic field has shrunk of late because men can move about so rapidly. Ptolemy's descriptions of Africa or Marco Polo's accounts of China are therefore more fantastic than travel diaries kept by André Gide, Paul Morand, or Marc Chadourne.

I do not intend, however, to classify under the heading of 'the fantastic' those books in which remoteness alone —either in time or in space—provides the element of the unusual. And my reasons are not æsthetic but practical, for the object of these works may come within our range either by the development of our historical or geographical knowledge or simply by the passage of time. The accessible is no longer fantastic. The fantastic quality of these works can be explained by temporary ignorance, and it is rather dangerous to base anything on a vacuum. Nor shall I call ancient legends fantastic. Remembering that they bear characteristics foreign to our time or climate, I shall be content to call them strange.

But the foreign element may exist beyond the confines of humanity. To attain it we must leap still further beyond the realm of known objects. The supernatural is the happy hunting ground of the fantastic. But here again we must distinguish between the sincere and the fictitious.

Undeniably, our ancestors and those whom we mistakenly call 'primitives' to-day were—or are—sincere as a group in their approach to the supernatural. I doubt, however, whether each member of the group has the same sincerity and whether specialists in the supernatural—myth makers, astrologers, prophets, or priests—were —or are—perfectly sincere toward the beliefs that provide them with their livelihood. The skepticism of the clergy confronted by those myths on which faith is founded can be compared to the journalists' skepticism confronted by the news on which public opinion is based. And thus it becomes apparent that the sincere and the fictitious may not be so completely different.

Whether creations are spontaneous or deliberately planned, they appeal to that faculty in us that we call faith. The sum total of faith—I refer to it in its variety rather than in its intensity —dwindles in history as the centuries pass and dwindles in a human life with the passage of years. Except for a few attempts to resurrect the past, Hitlerism offering a curious example, modern man no longer believes in the gods of the woods and the lakes. In like manner, we lose our belief in Santa Claus during our eighth or ninth year.

In other words, multiplicity of faiths within an individual tends to give way to the intensity of a single set of beliefs, which may focus on God, humanity, progress, the nation, wealth, power, justice, class, or the Holy Virgin, as the case may be. If we take, for example, the modern western adult we find that he has reached the one-faith stage of development and that he guards his faith with passionate zeal. But what has become of his ancestors' beliefs, of the beliefs that he himself as a child may have held? They remain within him at a great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distance from the single belief; he looks at them with a tender glance; he is ready to laugh at them or to derive sentimental joy from them. This is the field for the fantastic.

The fantastic is an ancient belief that we do not take quite seriously. To the man of to-day the fantastic would be supernatural, in the specific sense of the word, and residual, in the historic sense. It is precisely a combination of the supernatural and the residual that the creators of the fantastic desire to achieve. And it is because the reader, the spectator, or the listener possesses these two elements that he accepts them.

II

If I had time, I could prove my definition by listing the topics that have been considered fantastic. When Christianity was a living faith and not a philosophic system for some or a system of security for others, no one would have thought of exploiting parts of it in the sense that we now have in mind. The appearance of the Devil in the romantic literature of the late eighteenth century is a phenomenon related more closely to religious and social history than to literature. And let me add that literature is a wonderful field of exploration for those who want to know more about human evolution. Literature and the arts offer the surest testimony concerning man that the historian or the psychologist can hope to find.

Where do grown-up people of to-day find the fantastic? First of all in animated cartoons, which reveal all its simpler characteristics. The subject is always a fairy tale—that is to say, man's eternal fantastic heritage. The fairy tale is based on anthropomorphism, on the atavistic tendency to endow every object, animate or inanimate, with responses similar to our own. Even strict scientific discipline is not always able to restrain this tendency; it exists in the best of minds. Thus do we free ourselves of the fetters of civilization as we watch Mickey. And we may add that here again the Devil appears, as a gorilla foaming at the mouth.

Then, too, we encounter a careful exploitation of religious themes—Santa Claus or Noah's Ark, for instance. But this is still a delicate subject, one that may shock the single belief of certain spectators. Quite recently the American movies have produced the Little King, a character that is obviously fantastic in a democracy that does not believe in the divine right of kings.

Up to now I have discussed the fantastic only as it is expressed, localized, perceptible, and patent. From the *Tales of Hoffmann*, from certain novels by George Sand down to the animated cartoons of to-day the explicit element has dominated, and, no matter how much we may enjoy it, our pleasure is always tinged with disdain for ourselves, for we no longer believe what we read or see. We know too well that this entertainment seeks to divert us.

The narrower our domain of faith becomes, the more difficult we find it to exploit the residue of the fantastic that we all possess, for when we see it spread out before our eyes we measure the distance that separates it from us. And the art of the creator consists in bringing it close enough for our enjoyment yet not so close that it will offend our one article of faith.

There is another way of using the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fantastic, which belongs to the great artists. They have the power to impregnate their work with it and yet not make its presence clearly felt or enable us to isolate and label it. When the fantastic is exploited, we smile; only when it lies hidden can it still reach and touch us.

But how are we to define it? It is a system of allusions to the dreams that we, readers, spectators, or listeners, have in common with the creator. We all know about the old peasant woman who would burst into tears every time that the word 'Mesopotamia' occurred in the priest's sermon. We all have our Mesopotamias in the depths of our consciousness. This secret keyboard awaits the artist's touch; the artist's fingers grope in the dark; and this keyboard itself is nothing but the total residue of former beliefs—dead religions, drugged superstitions, sleeping cosmogonies, magic incantations, poetry.

There is the key: the poetry of prose whereby we escape from the printed page. To-day the fantastic in literature can flow but through one channel—that of prose and style. A style that is loaded with the fantastic, a style the syntax of which is able to awaken the harmonies of our silent dreams—that is the writer's most powerful arm.

I have carefully avoided speaking of poetry as rhythm, just as I have made no mention of music, for it would take a small volume even to touch upon the fantastic in sound. But these few brief notes will perhaps connect my definition of the fantastic with my theory of humanity's immemorial creation of myths. What remains of our various beliefs in the supernatural has gone over to the service of art—both in content and in form. And, if we pursue this debate along the path that I have indicated, we cannot help arriving at this new theme for meditation: art is faith regretting itself.

II. The Bird and the Hedgehog

By Francis de Miomandre

WHERE the little boy had unearthed these two objects he could not have said. No doubt he found them because he wanted them so much. It often happens that things our imagination represents to us with exceptional constancy materialize, and suddenly our amazed fingers feel and caress that which we vaguely possessed for a long time only in our dreams. In any case, the child had before his eyes and in his own little hands, sculptured out of something hard as bone, two animal heads, one of a bird and the other of a hedgehog. No, he did not have the entire bodies, for one must not expect too much, only the heads, and they were really beautiful. He experienced the naïve and profound joy of being able to touch at any time at least the faces of these two animals, which, if they had been real, would undoubtedly have defended themselves, the one with a terrible beak, the other with formidable quills.

Like all children Octave unfortunately had a family, in other words a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collection of grown-ups who have no understanding of the marvelous ideas of children and to whom you must lie unceasingly while describing what happened to you in an absolutely plausible manner. Foreseeing the question his father would ask, he had this reply all ready. 'I found them,' he would say, 'on a refuse heap.' Although this revelation of his naughty habits would inevitably lead to reproaches, the possession of these two admirable objects was well worth a quarter of an hour's scolding.

What he could not foresee was that his parents would be so busy preparing to move that they would not even dream of asking where he had found these treasures. Something much more terrible, much more simple happened. Without reproaching him at all, but without giving any explanation, Octave's father took the two sculptured heads and threw them into a little box that was already full of broken chessmen he was collecting.

'I shall give them back to you when we are installed,' he said when he saw how disappointed his son looked. 'It will not be long, no doubt by this evening.' Then he added, 'You will see how comfortable we shall be in our new house.'

No more was needed to dissipate Octave's chagrin. Although a new house may represent a considerable social decline for the parents and always a considerable amount of trouble, to a child it is like an escape into some strange fabulous country, and it holds promise of new ways and unheard-of pleasures. Yet this house was not a handsome one. It even had an air of sadness and abandonment that made one's heart contract, no doubt because of its situation. It was built on the top of a long, sloping boulevard that overlooked the sea, but from so far away that it took a long time to reach the water's edge, and one had to cross a great deserted wharf that had known no traffic for years. It was the last house in the block, and all those before it were empty, if one were to judge from their blind windows and the striking absence of any inhabitants before their doors.

All this seemed to cause the mother profound pain,—one felt that she was ready to burst into tears,—yet it gave the child only the most fugitive kind of sorrow and did not prevent him from hastily taking possession of the house. Its vast dimensions enchanted him. He never tired of exploring the unfurnished rooms, every one of which without exception had plain-wood panels that ran from floor to ceiling but no windows except for those on the front.

This detail hardly disturbed him at all. He had no prejudice in favor of windows. On the contrary, this curious arrangement gave him a pleasant sense of security similar to what animals must feel when they are safely ensconced in their dens. All these rooms leading out of one another, in which his parents' furniture seemed completely lost, all these rooms that had no precise purpose ravished him by their sheer numbers. He ran from one to the other, opening and closing doors, wandering about with delight. What seemed to be a closet kept opening on a corridor that gave access to a whole series of rooms of every shape and dimension, and their discovery would make him utter new shouts of surprise. He spent the whole afternoon in this intoxicating game.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, Octave did not forget his two animals, and at the evening meal he asked his father for them. Without waiting for the son to press this request the father discovered the box of chessmen and emptied the contents on the table. 'Look for them,' he said with an amiable smile. The child obeyed, but to his stupefaction the bird and the hedgehog had disappeared.

He raised his head and looked at his father inquiringly, but his father did not flinch. He kept the same smile with its touch of raillery. 'Keep on looking,' he said, but Octave already knew that it was useless, for if the two objects were still there he would have perceived them at once. A strange anxiety seized him. His throat contracted, but he found the breath to babble, 'But, Papa, you know that you put them in this box yourself. Why are n't they there any more?'

'How should I know?' said his father, shrugging his shoulders. 'Look harder,' and he smiled.

Left alone with her son, his mother helped him look, going about the task methodically. She made several piles, placing the knights in one place, the castles in another, the bishops in a third, and a great many pawns in a fourth. The whole table was covered, but there was no sign of the bird, no sign of the hedgehog. Then Octave understood. It was something of an atrocity, for what he perceived was that his father had stolen those two rare pieces from him. Why? He found no answer. Indeed, he did not even seek for one. His father was a thief. That was all.

He looked at his mother. The poor woman was pale, wretched, haggard. She was so profoundly troubled that she did not attempt to evade the question that her son's eyes asked her by lowering her own, but her silence and immobility were the most terrible reply she could have made. If Octave had been a few years older, no doubt he would have felt so much pity for the unfortunate woman that the overflow would have mitigated his father's sin, but he was still too young to have outlived the intransigent egotism of childhood. Suffocated with indignation, he suddenly rose and undertook a terrible vow in his heart, 'I shall unmask him. I shall submit him to the most humiliating confession, and, if he does not yield, I shall kill him.' Then he left the room and hid himself.

He needed to be alone and out of doors, to breathe the healthy sea air, if not to forget,—for he felt that he never could forget,—at least to make himself feel a little better physically. In his excitement he unfortunately forgot the topography of the house and spent a long time wandering through the corridors, stairways, and rooms of the immense dwelling place, and the more he wandered the greater his exasperation became.

Finally, he opened a door and suddenly found himself facing a man dressed in black, a lugubrious creature who seemed to be waiting as if he had just rung the bell, which is precisely what he had done, for the tinkle that announced his visit still sounded in the air. He was surprisingly thin, tall, and gloomy, and he was swathed in a threadbare overcoat. He wore no shirt as far as one could tell, and his hand grasped an old umbrella as black as himself. He explained that he had come to present a claim to the property and was about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to enter the apartment when the little boy blocked the way.

An irresistible rage had invaded Octave as a result of his protracted desire to do murder. He placed his arm around the bailiff's body, dragged him to the window, and threw him into the street before that unfortunate man, who was so inexpressibly thin that he was as light as an empty suit of clothes, had time to resist.

Octave surveyed his victim from the balcony. He thought he had knocked him out, and it delighted him. To his great astonishment, however, the man, who was merely a little shaken, arose or, to be more exact, unfolded himself, resumed his normal stature, picked up his old umbrella, and prepared to depart. Octave's rage redoubled. He decided to finish the matter and, calculating the distance, threw himself from the balcony, falling on the head of his enemy, who again contracted lightly but quickly recovered his strange elasticity and rid himself of his burden.

Then, with that calm ease that only people engaged in the most unpopular callings can attain, he put his arm around his aggressor's shoulders and said: 'It seems that something is the matter, my little friend?' His words, his affectionate tone, his unexpected manner of meeting the most offensive treatment instantly dissipated Octave's rancor. He burst into tears.

With great tact the unknown man let this crisis pass and then, with his arm still around the little boy's shoulders, continued in a confidential voice: 'To tell you the truth my profession does not interest me at all. I have no desire to arrest your parents. The important thing is to see the sea,' and his lean arm pointed to the horizon.

'But you cannot see it,' the child objected, perceiving nothing but an infinite stretch of empty, dusty roadway covered with rough paving stones.

'Of course, you don't see it yet, but you know that it lies beyond that kind of cliff there and that you need only walk ahead to see it at your feet. You hear its powerful breath.'

II

Octave shivered. The words of this unknown man opened a new world within him, unending perspectives on something remote that had an irresistible appeal. He cast his eye over the surrounding country, which seemed to have something prophetic about it that dissolved the oppressing atmosphere of melancholy. Those empty casks on the edge of the wharf, those enormous rusty iron rings through which no boat had passed its cable for a long time, those paving stones thick with old dust—they all evoked the sea, the immense, compelling, driving sea, the open, drunken albatross of space. As if the south wind had blown through his head he forgot the past, his criminal father, his weeping mother, the immense mysterious house. They were all as remote as that ridiculous episode of the two heads, one of a bird and the other of a hedgehog, that he had picked up on the refuse heap. They were the mocking treasures of childhood, and now there was this unknown man with his message and the immense appeal of adventure.

He followed the stranger with confidence. The stranger, however, no doubt because he believed the sensi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bilities of his companion would have been upset by sudden contact with such a formidable element, did not lead him to the sea at once. Recrossing the old deserted wharf, he entered a wretched-looking house by descending a few stairs. It was a cabaret, a very poor, very vulgar cabaret for sailors, but an artist whose imagination was as powerful as his technique was naïve had represented on the wall all kinds of magnificent vistas, flooded with such a light that the whole room seemed illuminated by them as if it were high noon. He had painted wharves piled high with cargoes of fruit, oranges, pomegranates, berries, bananas, mangoes. He showed clearings in virgin forests with monkeys swinging from the trees. There were princely gardens, rising one above the other in an infinite succession of terraces, balustrades, and rose-covered porches. Marble palaces lay sleeping on the edge of a gulf purer than the sky, and above them towered the peaks of snowy mountains, and the whole was bathed in such a radiant, transparent atmosphere that one was almost overwhelmed. 'Yes,' one said to one's self, looking at these marvelous pictures, 'perhaps at certain fugitive moments in some inaccessible country one finds such beauty, but then it is only for a moment, whereas here it exists always.'

As if replying to this inevitable thought, the man in black said to his companion as he asked him to sit down at a table with him, 'You see, don't you, that it's better to stay here? Where else could we find anything so beautiful?'

Octave was about to answer 'Yes,' giving to his assent all the fervor of which he was capable when he perceived with a mixture of anxiety and astonishment that when the bailiff mentioned beauty he was not alluding to the exciting splendor of the murals but to the spectacle that the interior of the cabaret presented. This beauty, however, was much less evident, especially to the ingenuous eyes of a child. Scattered as if by chance and seated in front of glasses and bottles were a number of singular-looking men and women, who were talking some incomprehensible language and exchanging remarks so violent that they frequently underlined them by banging their fists on the table with such force that the whole room trembled. A girl whose very short skirts revealed a white skin shining above a badly arranged stocking was weeping and waving a knife as an orchestra leader wields his baton. Pressed close against her was a man of sinister aspect with a cross-shaped scar on his face. He was trying to pacify her, but the more he talked the more she wept, and the more disturbing the figures she executed with her knife became. The other clients regarded this scene with merely feigned indifference, for most of them also had knives and they were obviously waiting for a chance to join the dispute.

There was such a contrast between the double ignominy, both physical and moral, of these people, all of whom seemed covered with the phosphorus of crime, and the Garden of Eden serenity of the decorations surrounding them that one suffered an almost unbearable agony. 'How,' Octave asked himself, 'how can these men and women, abject and fallen as they are, fail to perceive the beauty of these pictures? How can their souls

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remain so violent in the midst of such peace? They need only let things slide. They need only live and let live.'

'Yes,' said the bailiff with a sombre air, as if he were talking to himself, 'but man does not live and let live. He spends his whole life fighting against the current. He expends unheard-of energy evading the very simple and very gentle pleasures that the occasion offers and pursuing the Devil only knows what follies.'

III

Meanwhile, the ruffian who was talking to the weeping girl seemed to have changed his opinion. He now began tormenting her with quite a different motive. He tried to caress her, as if her tears had made her more lovely and tender. The woman revolted, tried to defend herself, but in vain.

Octave became indignant and, obeying those chivalrous sentiments of which children of ten years alone are still capable and that he derived from novels written especially for people of his age, arose with the intention of defending the unfortunate woman, but at this point something so extraordinary, and at the same time so repugnant, happened that he never forgot what followed, for it was the girl herself with insults on her lips who asked him why he was interfering. He did not understand the jargon that she spoke, but he perceived its meaning very well, though it terrified him. It went something like this: 'Do you think you can dazzle me with your parade of generosity? Our affairs are beyond the law and concern only ourselves. This man disgusts me, but if he wants to beat me that is his right, and if you attempt to stop him I am the person you will have to reckon with.'

And all the spectators arose, ready to take the girl's side. Even the bailiff instead of coming to the boy's aid beamed his approval, motionless, with a demoniac smile. 'She is right. You are merely a son of the rich, and you cannot understand our customs.'

But Octave, recoiling step by step from the vixen, had reached the part of the wall covered by the painting that represented the princely garden with terraces and roses, at which he had marveled so much. The moment his back touched the painting great anxiety seized him, for the fierce woman raised her knife. But it lasted only a tenth of a second. Already the child was safe in the garden, regarding with indefinable compassion that wild creature on the other side of the invisible crystal barrier, on the other side of the world, as she brandished an impotent arm. She shouted, begging her sad companions to bear witness to the disloyalty of what had happened, 'The coward, the rotten little coward. He knows where I cannot go.'

'No,' thought Octave, 'no, you cannot reach me, poor woman, the spaces that I have entered are forbidden to you forever.' And no doubt he would have pitied her in his heart if the delights he was enjoying had not been so perfect that they abolished any preoccupation with mankind. First, he felt extraordinarily light. His feet barely touched the ground. His extended arms wafted him like wings. He had no more consistency than the petals of a rose that the wind raises and even less than those marvelous diaphanous whirlpools that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rise and fall before our eyes on a summer's day like the incandescent offspring of our own gaze and of the extreme heat. Without paying further attention to the inmates of the sinister cabaret, he turned his back on them and commenced his promenade.

He slowly mounted the succession of terraces. He had no end in view; if someone had asked him where he was going and why, he could not have replied. The fact is that the question had never occurred to him. He walked straight ahead, that was all, and for the first time in his life gave himself up to an action that had no trace of utility or duty. What he would find as he went along, he would see when the time came. He was ready for anything, but, beautiful as it might be, it could not be so beautiful, so perfect, so pure as what he saw and what he felt at that moment. He continued his progress, imponderable and transparent as a rose petal in the midst of the vibrating heat of a summer day.

At each turn he saw framed in roses the den that he had just left, but it kept growing more remote, more indifferent, more detached. Strangely enough, those miserable people no longer appeared repugnant. Viewed from such a height and shrinking into the distance, they seemed like a gathering of strange beasts at which wise men smile as they watch them through their huge spectacles. Moreover, the agitation of these people was gradually reducing them to a kind of prostration. The woman with the knife had fallen at the feet of the bailiff who regarded her indifferently. The other drinkers contemplated their empty glasses with dull eyes. Some of them were crying noiselessly.

On the fourth terrace Octave met an old, broken-down carriage that seemed somewhat absurd in these miraculous surroundings. But the child almost wept when he recognized that this bizarre vehicle was being pulled by his two old friends, the bird and the hedgehog, instead of the two sick horses he expected to see. Although in no way fitted to pull a carriage, one of them being a bird and the other a little mammal, they did not seem in the least embarrassed by this unfortunate function and even appeared extremely content to judge from their cries. Octave caressed them a thousand times.

What gave him most joy was that the two animals, instead of being reduced to a representation of their heads in bone as they had been in his father's house, had at last recovered their entire bodies. This event yielded them visible pleasure. The bird ruffled its brilliant plumage, and the thousand steel points of the hedgehog's armor seemed to be coated with glossy blue. Octave's joy was such that he did not think of looking to see whether there was a coachman in this astonishing carriage, which he climbed into without looking at the front seat. When he finally became aware of a man's back in front of him, he cried out casually, 'Where are you taking me, my friend?' The coachman turned round to reply, and Octave recognized his father. Stroking the bodies of his team with the end of his whip in a light caressing manner, his father replied in a reproachful voice, 'And you, my child, accused me of having stolen your two little animals.'

'Forgive me, forgive me, Father,' cried the child, breaking into sobs.

A flood of thoughts rushed through his head. He saw the immense mis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understanding that saturates every human act. He again saw the miserable, romantic house. He divined the heroic efforts his parents had made to escape from the crushing malignity of their fate. Yes, yes, perhaps, after all, the unfortunate father had been forced to pawn the two precious heads to ward off some terrible circumstance, and then, after superhuman exploits, not only had he been able to buy them back again but he had procured their bodies as well to achieve this apotheosis.

IV

The boy was in a state of extraordinary excitement. He would have liked to press the whole world to his heart, to communicate with inanimate things, to become a dragon-fly even at the risk of being devoured by the terrible bird, to become a cockroach even at the risk of being eaten by the hedgehog, or to turn into one of those little air currents, the life of which does not last more than a second and that are thus the most ephemeral creatures in nature, no doubt experiencing in that brief lapse of time untold joys, of which inert human spirits cannot conceive. The bird and the hedgehog were alive. His father was a hero. He danced with joy in his carriage. Suddenly the equipage stopped. The coachman got off his seat and offered his hand to his passenger. 'Monsieur has arrived,' he declared, not without a certain solemnity.

'Where, Papa?'

'At the castle of the Sleeping Beauty,' and he pointed with his whip to the magnificent palace that rose on the top of the seventh terrace, at which they had arrived.

There, by a curious artifice, the architect who had made the garden had arranged a view so cleverly that one perceived not only the succession of lower terraces but the port, the sea, and in a general way all of life. Below, far down below, immense crowds of human beings were milling about in an immense confusion. Black cranes plunged their iron arms into ships and extracted steaming entrails that they deposited on the wharf. The factories vomited their blasphemous coal to the heavens. People dressed in gold sang on the edge of graves in gardens planted with crosses and filled with the soft cries of birds. Emaciated women, their cheeks red with fever, uttered terrible cries of love from street corners, sticky with fog. Everything below, seen through thickets of rose bushes, was at once so beautiful and atrocious that Octave could not stand the spectacle any longer and cried, 'Father, Father, take me to the castle. Take me to the castle.'

'Alas, my child, I cannot take you there because I have not the right to enter with you. That is a chance that one must take by oneself,' and bowing very low the father opened the door, adding in a low voice accompanied by an enigmatic smile, 'If you lead *her* back with you, we shall be very happy to greet *her*.'

Octave was going to reply with all the fervor of a repentant, grateful son, but already it was too late. His interlocutor had disappeared along with the strange equipage and even the beautiful setting of flowers and terraces. He found himself in the castle with the door closed behind him.

Since he had dreamed of the castle of the Sleeping Beauty ever since his nurse first told him of it, he experienced no surprise at finding himself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there. He recognized everything as he passed through, the sleeping pages, the petrified-looking guards with rusty lances and mouldy account books, and the spider webs that had been spun over the open mouths of the chamberlains. He walked very rapidly. He was in a hurry to arrive at the magnificent room where the princess awaited him.

The princess, how would she be? Beautiful, of course, since she awaited him, since she was charged with incarnating his dreams.

Beautiful, yes, but what else? Blonde or brunette? He would see. He did not want to anticipate too much. He was ready to love her whether she was one complexion or another. Would she be a girl or a child? A child would be very good because of the similarity of their ages, but a girl would be better because of love. Yes, and in that case a magic operation, which she as a fairy could perform, would at once make him her contemporary. She would throw her sixteen-year-old arms around his neck, and then they would go away, clinging to one another, out of the old lethargic palace to encounter happiness on the blooming terrace, among the roses and the beautiful crystal spirals.

V

He hurries, he hurries, already he has passed through twelve doors. The thirteenth opens wide of its own accord. At the end of the splendid room, which is tapestried with gold, rises a platform supporting a bed like a tabernacle, and a woman is stretched out on this bed.

But she is not alone. A man clothed in black is seated by her side. Great God, it is he who has arrived first. She holds his hand. She speaks to him tenderly, 'Is it you, my prince? You have waited long.'

That voice. Alas, that voice.

Octave approaches shivering.

He wants to see.

He sees.

Languishing on the bed lies the woman of the cabaret, her dress soiled with spots of wine and grease, her old sordid toper's dress pulled up even higher, far beyond the knee. Above the badly pulled-on stocking glistens a sallow, fat expanse of flesh so obscene that it makes a jarring contrast with the delicate magnificence of the little gilded columns and the silk curtains of the bed. She still holds a knife in her hand and plays with it carelessly. And the man, the man who is talking to her and who is pressing her hand, the man who arrived first, is it necessary to see more than his back, is it necessary to discover his terrible face to recognize him? Is n't it enough to hear him reply to the gentle question in the story with this shocking phrase, 'I am a little late. Excuse me. It was because of the summons I had to serve, you know, on those little fellows in the house by the wharf.'

Then the woman bursts out laughing nervously as she plays with her knife, and behind that laughter are all the tears of the mothers who watch helplessly while men in black visit their condemned homes, the tears of all the dispossessed mothers. She laughs, the woman with the knife, and the man excited by her laughter leans over her, and his thin perfidious mouth comes to rest on the thick lips of his accomplice for a long time, forever, while the child sobs, suddenly rendered old by all of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is a profound essay on the death of bourgeois culture in France. In it a leading French critic and novelist urges his literary compatriots to die fighting rather than write while dying.

For WHOM *do you* Write?

By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

THE *Commune* magazine asked several writers, 'For whom do you write?' which is the most serious question that could ever be put to us.

For whom do we write? How we should like to say, 'For everyone.' No other answer is quite sincere. A hundred years ago all Englishmen who knew how to read, no matter what social class they belonged to, impatiently awaited the weekly periodical in which a twenty-four-year-old writer, Mr. Charles Dickens, recounted the extraordinary adventures of Mr. Pickwick. At the same time all Frenchmen who knew how to read wept at M. Alphonse de Lamartine's *Méditations Poétiques*, and in the remotest provinces adolescents recited Alfred de Musset's *Nuits*. No family dinner or official banquet ever came to a close without one of the guests arising and singing the latest couplets that M. Béranger had written. During that same period a thirty-year-old historian, a contemporary of Victor Hugo and Balzac, a certain M. Jules Michelet published chapter by chapter a history of France that was a work of genius, and the most learned member of each village read it aloud every evening at the communal gathering.

Thirty years later *Les Misérables* had the same good fortune. In the remotest peasant huts one could find forty years ago the popular edition of Victor Hugo's masterpiece in clumsily bound volumes cheek by jowl with *Le Juif Errant*, *Les Mystères de Paris*, the works of Michelet, and several novels by George Sand.

Those writers were giants; compared to them, we are dwarfs. They had the universal credit that Pushkin, Tolstoi, and Dostoievski had in Russia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The three last French writers to arouse an equally passionate admiration in all classes of society were Zola, Romain Rolland, and Barbusse with *Le Feu*. Each one of these men has been accused of writing badly, but, as we shall presently discover, this reproach was not uttered in absolute candor.

These three men are the last representatives of a literary age and a social epoch. With Zola naturalism reached its apotheosis and died. No one else has thrilled such masses of people, unless it be Barbusse, whose power lasted one day only. Several currents coming from different ends of the earth meet in *Jean Christophe*. One derives straight from naturalism, another from purest romanticism, a third has its source in musical sensibility, a fourth in hero worship, a fifth in regionalism, and a sixth in Germanism. Romain Rolland's masterpiece drew together the various forces at work in pre-war Europe, and *Jean Christophe* owes its glamour and deep penetration to this universality.

Let no one say that, if we no longer have authors like Zola who are read by all classes of society, the writers themselves are responsible and that if another Zola were born we should see gathered about him a public similar to the one that the author of the *Rougon-Macquart* series assembled sixty years ago. At the beginning of the Third Republic French society was remarkably hopeful. The large majority of workers, peasants, shopkeepers, artisans, and petty officials expected many things from the Republic and trusted it to achieve the great French revolutionary ideal of liberty, equality, and even fraternity.

The Republic did something for the people, for the people's welfare and education, to say nothing of their culture. All told it did no more than the German Empire of the Hohenzollerns between 1870 and 1914 or the English, Belgian, Dutch, and Scandinavian monarchies. The general improvement in the well-being and education of the poorer classes—please note that I carefully avoid speaking of culture—characterized the time, but bourgeois and republican France cannot take all the credit. I could mention many a piece of social legislation or social reform in which the Republic lagged far behind other more adequately equipped countries.

II

It is none the less true that with the exception of small anarchist or socialist groups in the large cities, the French common man of half a century ago was a credit to the republican régime and to its noble motto. France was emerging from the suffocating atmosphere of the Second Empire, a period of which the present generation has no knowledge and which the vast tyrannies of our own day are reviving. The Republic really was a great hope, and not enough socialists existed for their criticism and warnings to affect public opinion. The progressive gains of the Leftists at each election, the foundation and the victories of the great peasant democratic party, the triumphs of the Radical Socialists strengthened all these hopes. It took the French people half a century to understand that the Radical programme, though idealistic in principle, was socially conservative. True, the Radicals worked for the victory of the hut over the château,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the school over the parish, and they worked with ardor, courage, and sincerity. But in return they demanded that the plumber, the road-laborer, and the teacher, who had apparently become the masters of French elections, should accept the entire economic system and the literary and intellectual tradition of France. The new masters of the house should keep in their place against the background of the old château with decorum, respect, and a certain humility. They didn't have to enter on tiptoe, but they had to be worthy of the former proprietors. A cultural heritage accompanied the heritage of power.

Though the Radicals cared little for elegant appearances, they were very touchy when it came to elegance of pen and speech. The most insignificant provincial bookkeeper followed Bonald and Lamennais, Veuillot and Michelet, Huysmans and Maupassant, Barrès and Anatole France. And he boasted of it.

III

A lot of water had to flow under the bridge before the man of to-day could understand the new truth that transcends the individual. It took the Dreyfus victory, the passage from the mystical to the political, as Péguy used to say, the betrayal of the Dreyfus team, the post-war period and what it revealed about the secret causes of war; it took the *Bloc National*, its programme and its alliances, the two Radical-Socialist fiascos of 1926 and 1934, the tremendous industrial and banking concentration of these last twenty years and its terrifying consequences, the annihilation of economic liberty, the disappearance of the individual's power, and, in the political field, the dissolution of free press and the appearance of mercenary groups serving capitalist interests—it took all these things for the average Frenchman to suspect that the Republic had been betrayed, to understand that a purely political republic was bound to betray, that a political republic, even the Republic of 1789, could maintain itself only by encroaching on the field of economics, that all this was very grave, and that it entailed a series of consequences, including the obligation to take power away from capitalism.

As soon as they understood all these things, middle-class Frenchmen —petty officials, workers, peasants, students, teachers—cut themselves off from the master's interests, from all that charmed and amused them. And they began to hate a society in which they were unwelcome guests, second- or even third-class guests. The social order and its culture appeared as they really are, that is to say, as a single, indivisible unity, one half of which cannot claim respect, consideration, and affection if the other half has fallen into disfavor. Culture and literature cannot remain totalitarian and vertical in a society in which, as Péguy used to say, 'knowledge is propagated only horizontally—among the rich or among the poor. It flows from east to west, never from north to south.'

A unanimous public ceases to exist the minute unanimous sympathy dies, when reciprocal confidence and friendship disappear, when latent distrust comes to the fore as a spontaneous, natural, and irresistible movement of the popular mind. These ideas inspired the first essay I wrote twenty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five years ago, and the reader will find them in the first volume of essays that I ever published, *Carnaval est mort*. The last quarter of a century has confirmed my first observations and experiences. As long as bourgeois society was on the upgrade, as long as it felt young, triumphant, sure of itself and of to-morrow, it practised a vigorous intellectual tolerance comparable to that of the Church during the Middle Ages. What risk did it run? There were really no public schools. If a common man attained education after much courage and perseverance, his only ambition was to open the door that led to the upper classes and to find his place among them. He tried to elevate himself, to take the gods for models, to receive their kindly approval. What other future, what other hope could he have?

Jean Valjean in *Les Misérables* is the perfect type of the outcast-conformist, the good untouchable, the magnanimous delinquent, the rebel turned watchdog, a terrible and docile St. Bernard. No sooner had the proletariat of the nineteenth century achieved education than it joined hands with the bourgeoisie and adopted bourgeois tastes and authors.

By establishing free and compulsory education, the idealistic Radicals of the Third Republic increased the number of French men and women able to read. They unconsciously opened the doors of the proletariat and the petty bourgeoisie to socialist propaganda. They doomed them to take cognizance of themselves sooner or later and to understand that they were unwelcome guests. From our point of view the Radicals were preparing the moral, intellectual, and artistic break that was to upset the old French public, which had been so homogeneous. In other words, they were creating the cultural secession that we are witnessing to-day and that is victimizing us as writers in an age of transition.

The bourgeoisie could not observe this educational development calmly. Even a rudimentary primary education threatened to render the people less supple and better armed. The ruling class soon perceived the danger, and at the same time the reckless growth of national imperialisms was causing further alarm. The bourgeoisie no longer saw quite clearly the fate of the supposedly indestructible principles on which economics, politics, morals, æsthetics, and the individualist ideal had based their power. Feeling itself threatened, the bourgeois spirit withdrew. Instead of the vigorous works of the preceding generations, it now offers all the different dogmas of decadence—fine taste, distinction, the monotonous love of form. It prefers the murmur of the brook to the roar of the torrent. A genius like Diderot is forgotten and plays no rôle in the development of intellectual youth. We are tempted to smile at the pompousness of our great-grandfathers; yet those old folks had a far tougher stomach than we. They went fearlessly toward strong creations, and they would have found little pleasure in our tasteless fare.

A general reaction set in and is now triumphing. The poet's day is over; now the grammarian speaks. The public is worried about its cultural future and draws away from all great intellectual adventures. Meticulous stylists appear safer than the great pioneers of former days. The crop of juries and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literary prizes offers a noisy illustration of the scholastic rule imposed on the writer. Differences of political opinion play no rôle in choosing these masters of rhetoric. Papers of every shade of political opinion are giving grammar courses to their readers and urging them to study the technique of expression seriously. The former literary critic of *L'Humanité* ended his journalistic career in this rôle. The literary critic of the great socialist daily, whose political beliefs place him in the Left wing of his party, gladly proclaims his preference for elegant and anodyne works written with a skillful and sophisticated pen.

The writers originally responsible for this current include such men of the Right as Barrès and Maurras as well as writers supposedly identified with the Left, like Anatole France. A certain well-bred archaism has become the goal of all fine writing. 'Restraint' is a fashionable word. The influence of the Academy is increasing and ravaging the best of our contemporaries. Powerful figures like Claudel are suspect even in the eyes of those whose religious faith should make them sympathetic to him. It is a strange paradox that his dramas are played in Soviet Russia, which he hates and despises, more often than anywhere else.

When the romantic literary revolution broke out a hundred and ten years ago the public was taken aback for a short time. But the ruling class soon perceived its own ideal in an æsthetic theory that exalted individualism without restraint or measure. The victory of romanticism was partner to the victory of the bourgeoisie. The romanticists created that insolent and mysterious figure of the modern man, whom Napoleon, the parvenu, had predicted and whose prototype he has remained to this day. But at the time of Balzac, Hugo, and George Sand not more than one-tenth of the thirty million French men and women then living could read. With the exception of several thousand backward aristocrats who clung with regret to the æsthetic forms of eighteenth-century classicism, which had enchanted their youth, the reading public formed an unusually coherent and homogeneous society.

IV

To-day, out of forty million Frenchmen, at least twenty million are able to enjoy reading. These millions come from many different backgrounds. Their cultures and habits do not harmonize. Their interests are antagonistic. The heirs of the old educated bourgeoisie form no more than an isolated kernel, which is defending itself madly against the rising tide that threatens its traditions. This bourgeoisie still holds all the avenues to power, to honor, to temporal success, and artistic recognition. It alone can consecrate a writer's reputation. In opposition to the bourgeoisie the new classes have entered the struggle to conquer their material and cultural liberty, their dignity and their preeminence.

The vicissitudes of this struggle are scattering the proletariat and the petty bourgeoisie over an infinite variety of fronts. They are divided by opposing doctrines, methods, and innumerable parties. Let us stick to our metaphor: the attackers have numbers on their side, but their lack of unity and tradition works against them. They do not form an army but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a cloud of armies. Many of them have drunk at the sources of bourgeois culture and preserve a certain tenderness toward its literary ideal. Though they attack the bourgeoisie in politics, they remain secretly faithful to its canticles. All the sand of the desert is helpless against the great pyramid, which laughs at its attackers.

This goes to explain the sickly aspect of populist literature. It is at best a compromise between the former ideal of the cultivated bourgeoisie and the vague æsthetic needs of the petty bourgeoisie. Another consequence of this state of affairs appears in the case-history of many a writer in whom the new social order had hoped to find its standard bearer and who, having passed his fortieth year, joins the ranks of those who most violently opposed his earlier efforts. It is a question of success and a question of beefsteak.

Only one type of literature finds its public in all classes of society: that's the detective story—just another proof of the chaos in which we are plunged. A half century ago love was the most anti-social emotion. It was the great enemy of financial combinations and advantageous marriages. The growing wealth of the bourgeoisie ended the conflict between love and money. The lover ceased to hold a leading place as the secret hero of society; the murderer emerged instead. Passion is no longer the anti-social act par excellence; to-day it is murder, especially criminal murder, the aim of which is theft. Arsène Lupin takes the place of Ruy Blas. The detective story is the epic poem of the criminal, the outcast, the individualist beyond the pale. But even this type of literature has not escaped the fundamental optimism that dominates capitalist morals and dynamics. Confronting the murderer the second beloved child of our epoch emerges—the detective. Even the detective story cannot help reproducing our social struggle, but it does so according to its own devices, which are the very lowest possible. It reduces the conflict to a childish duel between two individuals, the delinquent and the detective. (When all is said and done, I admit that I am a man of my time and that I enjoy a good detective story.)

V

Let us conclude. On the side of the old bourgeois culture, the side of the humanities and the most exquisite traditions of our literary past, almost all the writers of talent stand arrayed. On the side of the people, which in France means the petty bourgeoisie, the artisans, the workers, and the peasants, we find dispersed, almost inevitably sterile efforts. One type of book still appeals to all social classes, the detective story, the bastard offspring of wish-fulfillment literature.

The picture would be incomplete if we failed to give credit to the important renaissance of Catholic literature. In this muddy crumbling of capitalist civilization, in this inglorious decomposition of bourgeois individualism, in this confused, often deceptive, awakening of a popular culture that is not yet born, in this anguished waiting for a civil war that is fast approaching, many spirits are turning away from a society so poor in ideals, an epoch so loaded with menace. The failure of optimistic predictions, which the thinkers of capitalism's golden age poured out so lavishly, leaves these minds without direction, and they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see that the great vertical universalism, which summoned, or seemed to summon, all social classes of France to the same æsthetic banquet, broken to bits.

Let us not forget that France is an old country deeply anchored in Catholicism. Our free-thinkers would not be so violent did they not know that a powerful church and faith exist. Many religious minds recognized that the break of which I speak puts an end to the old unity of art. They tried to pass through that fissure and to carry away with them the most precious values that the human spirit can attain. It is interesting that a good part of French talent and intelligence is to be found among the ranks of Catholic writers. Their numbers are increasing every day. It would be both foolish and reckless to deny it.

No artist has explained the inspirational advantages of religion with as much clarity, authority, and cynicism as Claudel. I can think only of Renan as comparable to him, though, of course, in other fields. Read, for instance, the essay entitled '*Théâtre et Religion*' in *Positions et Propositions, I*. Read the three pages of the Catholic Henri Massis, in which he sets down a conversation with Claudel. Look for the same ideas in the work that the Catholic Madaule has just completed as well as in the works of Du Bos, René Schwob, and Émile Gouiran, who oppose the Protestant æsthetics of André Gide and set forth the artistic principles that they owe to Catholicism. In the pages that I have indicated Claudel explains how religious faith frees the individual from the futile search after sensation, from the adoration of material idols, and gives him inner unity. But the religious faith that reconstructs a man proposes a universal and super-human ideal to him. 'It clears our skin of the filthy coating that daily life has placed upon it; though it increases our inner resources, it does not allow us to rest content with them and to delight in sterile introspection. We know that it is not we who are interesting but the object that we must strive to attain.'

VI

I am looking for the thinker who will analyze the forces and resources that devotion to the revolution and the materialist conception of the universe can offer to the artist. The majority of revolutionary theoreticians are content to repeat a few superficial formulas, not one of which goes to the heart of the problem.

'For whom are you writing?' We have surveyed the horizon, and now we must come back to the question. We no longer know for whom we write, and therein lies to-day the drama and the torment of the writer. French society is divided to its very foundations. A fissure separates two worlds, one of which has only quantity to recommend it. But if I give preference to quality, my readers form a dying 'élite'; my æsthetics shut me off from the only public that knows how to make its writers live.

And now we come to the answer that so many of us are tempted to give. 'I write for myself.' Writers who say this should know that they are not sincere with themselves and that this formula merely provides an escape. They all point to the haughty example of Stendhal, who declared that he wrote only for the few. At his death his publisher had not sold a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred copies of *Le Rouge et le Noir*. But this case is unique, and it is not difficult to see it in its true proportions without offending the memory of that great novelist. Success proves nothing, but neither does the lack of success. Stendhal is a special case, deadly for those presumptuous men who attempt to take him as an example.

But that is not the question. Though the true writer expresses a spontaneous need, his energies demand an answer, an echo, food to go on writing. His public alone can give him these things, and I have said that that public no longer exists. What exists to-day under this name is a cloud of discordant publics, uncertain and hopeless, deceived and fearful.

I can see only two positions open to a writer to-day. Either he must turn away from the world and give himself over entirely to an inner struggle in the conviction that the battles we wage against ourselves are the most brutal, the most exhaustive, and the only ones that are decisive, or else he must try to discover around him a new society—remolded, heroic, purified by ardor, seared by passion, striving to go beyond itself, a society that demands poets of its own stature and rhythms with which it can keep step. We know that such a society devours many men. The sight of Soviet Russia is further proof. It is inconceivable how many writers and poets the U. S. S. R. has consumed in fifteen years. But I shall quote a sentence by von Papen, transposing it, of course: 'What do you prefer, you who call yourselves writers—to end your days in old men's homes, in the Academy, or to fall on the field of battle, in full vigor, in full effort, in full victory?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A British physician, who contributes to the weekly press with growing regularity, discusses the doctor's right to kill and a few limitations of medicine.

Two Essays *on* Medicine

By Dr. Harry Roberts

I. May Doctors Kill?

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A FEW weeks ago, a patient of mine, having shaken hands, handed me a note. He had, for several days, been reduced to this method of communication, the disease of his larynx having at last made speech impossible. Here is the note:—

'Dear Dr. Roberts,—As I anticipated, I can no longer swallow milk. My poor starved bones are sore. I am so weak that I hope you will assure my wife that my life is now very short. I thank you for your kind attention, and I want to make one last request of you. I trust you will grant it. You know the torture I am in, and you know that in any case I can live but a very short time. Will you save me from this painful death? I am, yours gratefully . . .'

Biographical history is full of such instances. Berlioz, in his memoirs, speaks of the death of his sister 'from cancer of the breast, after six months of horrible suffering. . . . And not a doctor dared have the humanity to put an end to this martyrdom by letting my sister inhale a bottle of chloroform. This is done to save a patient the pain of a surgical operation that lasts a quarter of a minute, but it is not done to deliver one from a torture lasting six months. . . . The most horrible thing in the world, for us living and sentient beings, is inexorable suffering, and we must be barbarous, or stupid, or both at once not to use the sure and easy means now at our disposal to bring it to an end.' Every doctor who has been long in practice has encountered such a situation again and again. It is one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many dilemmas with which we are faced. The law of our country and the acknowledged code of our profession are in clear enough agreement. Our consciences are not always thereby set at rest. We are haunted by the reminder: 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'

II

What are we doctors to do in these circumstances? If we accede to our patient's wish, we are, as the law stands, guilty of the crime of murder. Consequently, it is often cowardice, rather than conscience or professional honor, that leads us to observe the established convention. I suspect, however, that very many doctors do, on occasion, allow their sympathy and their feeling of pity to override their prudence. To a humane man, the inclination to administer the merciful overdose is often almost—not infrequently, quite—irresistible.

In its administration there is, however, more common sense in the English law than is generally recognized. Motive is very seriously taken into account both by judges and by juries. I expect that most readers will remember the case of a man who, some six or seven years ago, was tried at the Chester Assizes for drowning his four-year-old daughter in a bath. As summarized in *The Lancet*, the facts of the case were of a pathetic kind, to which most doctors could find parallels in their own experience. The man's wife had died earlier in the year from tuberculosis. This child contracted tuberculosis and developed gangrene in the face. The father nursed the child with the greatest care day and night. The doctor told him that she could not live long. The father could not bear to see her suffer any longer and drowned her. The jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty,' and Mr. Justice Branson made these significant comments: 'It is a matter that gives food for thought when one comes to consider that, had this poor child been an animal instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blameworthy in the man's action in putting an end to its suffering, he would actually have been liable to punishment if he had not done so.' A similar verdict was returned in a French court in the case of a youth who, because he could no longer watch her agony, shot his cancer-afflicted mother with a revolver.

We are all agreed about our duty to a mortally wounded dog or cat lingering in a painful death-struggle. Law and conscience are here at one. Why these differences in the official conception of humanity and of duty? The issue can scarcely be that of the sacredness of life, or even of the peculiar sacredness of human life, for through greed, fear, or motives of expediency we subsidize professional soldiers and professional hangmen. The basic postulate is hard to come by.

The possibilities of euthanasia—that is, of easy, painless death, deliberately imposed or accepted—have lately been brought to public notice by the discussions at the Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute. Two distinguished and experienced doctors there urged the desirability of legalizing the painless destruction of 'human mental monstrosities' in whom improvement is unattainable, whose participation in even the simplest life of humanity is impossible. To me, the case of these congenital imbeciles is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far less pathetic than is that of those born with terrible physical deformities yet with minds sensitive to the opinions and feelings of others. It is doubtful if congenital idiots experience much mental distress, and they are at least as 'humanly' intelligent as many of those animals that ladies of fashion delight to pamper. We need to discriminate very carefully between facilitating the death of an individual at his own request and for his own relief and the killing of an individual on the ground that, for the rest of us, such a course would be more economical or more agreeable than keeping him alive.

The philosophers and theorists are almost unanimous in their commendation of euthanasia and in their abuse of the physicians who hesitate to hasten and facilitate the passing of their suffering patients. 'I esteem it,' said Bacon, 'the office of a physician not only to restore the health but to mitigate pain and dolors; and not only when such mitigation may conduce to recovery but when it may serve to make a fair and easy passage'; and he quotes the epigram composed of Epicurus, who, 'after his disease was judged desperate, drowned his stomach and senses with a large draught of wine'—and then *Stygias ebrius hausit aquas*. In this matter, men of action are more hesitant. Napoleon, who must have witnessed more painful and hideous deaths than any doctor, held that '*au fond il vaut toujours mieux souffrir; qu'un homme finisse sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit.*' We may credit him with a willingness to act up to his own creed. Doctors, on whom would fall most of the responsibility for administering the *coup de grâce*, should euthanasia become general and legal, are perhaps the least enthusiastic advocates, not from lack of sympathy but because they know better than does the public the sinister possibilities attendant on the giving of increased license to the less reputable members of their profession.

III

What, then, is the moral of it all? Strict Roman Catholics will, for the most part, probably share with Napoleon the conviction that each one of us must 'dree his weird.' Most of us take a less absolute view. But the slope that starts with contraception and proceeds through abortion to the painless slaughter of undesirables is a slippery one, of which we cannot see the bottom. In many parts of China, female infants are said to be exposed or otherwise destroyed at birth. They, also, are undesired. Though, personally, I would not hesitate painlessly to end the life of an individual suffering from a painful and incurable disorder such as cancer of the larynx, I am not an enthusiast for the legalization of such acts, unless they are to be heavily safeguarded. I prefer at present to take my own risks. I am sure that this is the feeling of most sympathetic and responsible doctors. When our sympathy outweighs our fear of the law, let us act on it. On the other hand, so long as doctors depend on individual fees paid by patients or their friends, the legitimizing of professional murder, under whatever euphemistic name it may be committed, is dangerous. Such license must be limited to carefully selected officials, immune from financial or social temptations.

Finally, we may well ask ourselves if we do not attach undue value to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earthly life. Are we not, perchance, allowing ourselves to be deceived by our self-preservative tendency to rationalize a merely instinctive urge and to attribute spiritual and ethical significance to phenomena appertaining to the realm of crude biological utility?

II. The Limitations of Medicine

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

SOME eight centuries ago John of Salisbury said of the practising doctors that 'they are dishonest when they give themselves credit for a recovery that is due to time, or rather to the gift of God, for it is due to God and to the natural powers of his constitution that the sick man is raised up.' To this kind of criticism doctors have been subjected throughout the ages, but never more than to-day. 'Doctors cannot cure cancer'; 'doctors cannot cure consumption'; 'doctors cannot cure even a common cold.' What is the truth in these charges? To what extent does it justify contempt for the medical art?

The popular conception of disease, although it is still shared by the less philosophic members of the medical profession, is fundamentally fallacious. Pathological happenings are as impossible rigidly to classify and delimit as are thoughts and emotions. 'Diseases' are not discrete entities, and the names that have been given to different ways of being ill have, for the most part, no other justification than that of technical convenience. Nor are all the manifestations of illness to be looked upon as hostile, however unpleasant they may immediately be. Many 'symptoms' are consequent on defensive or protective measures taken by the automatic forces within us—measures aimed at the maintenance, or restoration, of balanced stability.

Scientific medicine cannot outstrip our understanding of the workings of our psycho-physiological machine. As yet, we know extremely little about this machine, and nine-tenths of what we do know has been collected almost within the memory of still living people. When I was a medical student, we heard little or nothing about the endocrine secretions; nothing about the vitamins; very little about the mechanism whereby the uniform constitution of the blood is maintained. Speculations as to the relation between emotional happenings and bodily functioning were left to cranks and charlatans. The human body, as we were taught to look upon it, was little more complicated, little more subtle or intricate, than a motor car. We have learnt a great deal since then, and there is every reason to believe that in the next twenty years we shall learn a very great deal more.

II

In what sense can doctors heal wounds and cure disease? Everyone is familiar with Ambroise Paré's self-deprecatory protest: 'I dressed his wounds; God healed him.' The most skillful surgeon, observing all the rules of asepsis, applying all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge at his disposal, cannot himself join together the tissues that he so easily separates. Our wounds heal, as the saying goes, of themselves. Applying the fruits of experience and knowledge, the surgeon can facilitate Nature's work by lessening the difficulties to be overcome. Similar are the limits of the physician's power. He, like the surgeon, can help by removing some of the obstacles to the restoration of bodily harmony. The reason why doctors can as yet do comparatively little to overcome the common cold, to arrest the development of cancerous growths, or to cut short an attack of pneumonia is that they do not yet know enough about the circumstances that make these disturbances possible or about the obstacles that our automatic healing forces have to overcome in order to restore the vibrating balance that is the state of health.

For normal or healthy life is not a static affair. Life, physical and psychological, is characterized by constant action and reaction, by extrusions into environment and self-defensive adaptations to varying environmental intrusions. The unconscious aim of every living object is to preserve its identity—to defend itself from being incorporated into the cosmic mass. We know that, ultimately, so far as the body is concerned, defeat of this aim is inevitable. Diseases strike us as sinister because they threaten to hasten this dissolution. The task of the doctor is to discover and to apply means whereby the adjustive and recuperative powers of the organism may be supported and the recovery of internal balance facilitated. Not so long ago the physician had at his disposal little but old wives' remedies, the reputation of which was usually based on the crudest observation of occasional sequences. Newer knowledge has demonstrated the soundness of some of these old prescriptions, but most are now recognized for the rubbish they always were. The revolutionary work of Pasteur and an increased realization of the part played by the mind and emotions in the causing and in the curing of disease led to a widespread skepticism as to the potency of all drugs—and, indeed, of most of the methods of traditional therapy.

The skepticism was quite natural —but further study has shown that it, like the superstitions it replaced, rested on unsound foundations. A series of brilliant discoveries, beginning with that of the hormones, has forced us to recognize the fact that it is by means of chemical agents—that is, by drugs—manufactured in our own bodies that nearly all, if not all, our physical adaptations and healing processes are 'spontaneously' carried out. Perhaps the most important and most therapeutically valuable of recent changes in medical thought is the increasing recognition of the intimate relation that exists between emotional states and crudely physiological events. Doctors have always realized that structural pathological aberrations influence emotional reactions. But they had scarcely anticipated that persistent anxiety over money matters or domestic incompatibilities might cause the endocrine cells attached to the pancreas to cease functioning or the thyroid gland to hypertrophy.

If, therefore, the organism may be said to be constantly engaged in 'curing' itself,—that is, in restoring its internal balance,—the physician who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supplements the natural defenses, which otherwise might prove inadequate, may justly claim on occasion to play an important part in the curative act. The injection of insulin into a diabetic patient is an instance of such intervention. The 'cure' of myxœdema by the administration of thyroid extract and of diphtheria by anti-diphtheria serum are examples equally striking. As we get to know more about other breakdowns in our adaptive machinery, there is every reason to believe that we shall find means of assisting in their repair—or, better still, of checking the aggressive impacts that overtax our powers of resistance.

It is thanks mainly to the important discovery of the part played by bacteria in disease and of the circumstances favorable to the development of these minute enemies that we have succeeded in stamping out many of the graver epidemic fevers previously common. We do not yet possess adequate knowledge of the circumstances that attend the beginning and favor the development of cancerous changes in our cells; when we do, cancer may become a curable or preventable disease. If we look back and see how slow was the growth of physiological knowledge from the days of Hippocrates to the latter years of the last century and then contemplate the additions to that knowledge that have been made in the last fifty years, optimism as to the future outlook may well grow. The lamentable thing is that, although intelligent doctors have long recognized the limitations of their present-day art, they have not taken the public into their confidence. If they would but lay their cards on the table, where they would be visible to all,—not least important, to themselves,—we should soon find among the public a clearer understanding of the problems with which the doctor is faced and of his progressive success in mastering them. The popularity of fallacious heterodoxies is mainly due to the lack of candor that still characterizes the orthodox practitioner of medicine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

NATURE AND LIFE. *By A. N. Whitehead. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. 1934.*

(Basil de Selincourt in the *Observer*, London)

Then felt I like some watcher in the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken. . . .

said Keats; and so did I feel, too, though with a difference, when I found Whitehead's latest contribution. For, in these two lucid and amiable discourses, the greatest intellect of our time, one of the greatest, I myself think probably *the* greatest, of any time, is engaged in summarizing in his more popular style the results of many long years' work in constructive speculation and in indicating a new path, a new element rather, for the transmission of human thought. Whitehead is to philosophy what Einstein is to physics: equally subversive, equally comprehensive, equally adventurous, equally corroborated. 'Lord, teach these souls to fly,' says Blake, but flying, after all, is a comparatively simple affair; you have before you birds, butterflies, and beetles, all mocking you for your timorous adherence to the ground, and you have only to choose which method you prefer. Whitehead's new thought-element engages us in the impalpable and unknown. Its quality reminds me of the speed of light, to which if you add another speed or subtract another from it, it makes no difference. He abolishes an imaginary barrier.

A little while ago we stepped from telephony to wireless, and it was like falling into a gulf. Any child might understand how a voice could run along a wire; why, if there were a breeze and you walked under the wires, could you not actually hear them whispering? But when it was found that the voice could be shot out and collected again with nothing but electricity between, we all realized in a new way that the world was one great miracle and that the things in it we thought we understood best might turn out to be, in fact, the least intelligible. Whitehead says:—

'How can one event be the cause of another event? The whole antecedent world conspires to produce a new occasion . . . The only intelligible doctrine of causation is founded in the doctrine of immanence . . . We are in the world, and the world is in us.'

Well, that is a good beginning.

The change of outlook and atmosphere before and after Whitehead, our Marconi of the mind, will correspond, I think, in the sense of release and enlargement accompanying it, to that emancipation from the electric wire; the world becomes more baffling than it was, but it becomes infinitely more responsive, too. As the wire at one time seemed a necessity, when, in fact, it was only a convenience, so a great many of the ideas we commonly accept and live by were regarded as fundamental and conclusive merely because they were helpful and habitual. They took us as far as we usually wanted to go, and, as we did not want to go further, we did not notice that they took us down blind alleys.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To bring the comparison to a head: we have always supposed that this universe of ours was divided into two very unequal parts, of which one had life and could therefore feel and think and plan, while the other, being lifeless, moved blindly about or stayed put in order to amuse scientists and exhibit 'laws.' Life was thus like the telephone wire, to which alone meanings clung and by which alone they could be carried; and the poor feeble lonely living things, with the tenuous meanings and purposes within them, were a helpless daisy chain strung across the bleak vast mountain ranges of an unfeeling universe. Whitehead cuts the wire and establishes life as the universal communicator, the universal communication. You are not helpless and solitary; you are not caught in the cogs of a relentless mechanism or stretched over the mountains on a rack. For life is all and in all.

To summarize the argument would be impossible, for it is summarized already in the lectures, but I can indicate the attitude in one or two quotations:—

'A dead nature can give no reasons. All ultimate reasons are in terms of aim at value. A dead nature aims at nothing. It is the essence of life that it exists for its own sake, as the intrinsic reaping of value.'

or again:—

'In the recent situations at Washington, D. C., the Hume-Newton modes of thought [typical of modern science, which Whitehead would displace] can only discern a complex transition of sense and an entangled locomotion of molecules, while the deepest intuition of the whole world discerns the President of the United States inaugurating a new chapter in the history of mankind.'

or again:—

'Science can find no individual enjoyment in nature; science can find no aim in nature; science can find no creativity in nature . . . Science deals with half only of the evidence provided by human experience. It divides the seamless coat—or, to change the metaphor into a happier form, it examines the coat, which is superficial, and neglects the body, which is fundamental.'

In fact, 'blind' nature only appears to be mechanical and blind; and where you touch that appearance of blindness you also touch the boundary of philosophic understanding. The true aim of philosophy is to rob nature of her blindness, to trace the secret irradiation that floods and penetrates all, 'to pierce the blindness of activity in respect to its transcendent functions,' to see into the life of things, to discover the captaincy of life and learn to approach the universe itself as a living whole.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. *By Drs. A. Costler, A. Willy, and others. Edited by Norman Haire. London: Francis Aldor. 1934.*

(Raymond Mortimer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

AS ORNAMENTS of our homes and persons, as tokens of sympathy with the living and respect for the dead, as symbols of innocence and goodness, we employ, for preference, the sexual organs of plants. The spontaneous delight in sexual feelings and acts that this love of flowers might be supposed to typify seems to survive among some backward peoples, but in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern civilization our attitude to sex has become as disastrously distorted as our attitude to property, and the most acute pleasure of which human faculties are capable has generally become tangled up with subrational feelings of guilt. How far Christianity is responsible for this calamity is doubtful: I suspect that, if India had accepted Christianity and Europe Hinduism, there would now be ithyphallic images of the Apostles in the churches of Benares, while the Established Temple of England would be respectably preaching clean living and muscular Brahmanism. In any case, our taboos about sex are so powerful that those who have liberated themselves from them most successfully still remain uncomfortably self-conscious, and no one, however uninhibited, can write about sex in the tone they would use to the object of the other basic appetite, food. Take, for instance, the recipes in that Mrs. Beeton of sexual life, the *Kama Sutra*—they can hardly be read without laughter, which is an attenuated form of disgust. And modern writers about sex, inevitably on the defensive and frightened of shocking their readers, usually relapse into sentimentality. That our sense of humor should be roused by any serious discussion of sex shows how uneasy and mixed our feelings have become with regard to this most 'natural' of impulses.

It is certain that millions of Europeans are more ignorant in some sexual matters than the benighted heathen of the Pacific and that this ignorance causes immeasurable and unnecessary suffering. Novels, magazines, newspapers, films, posters advertising toothpastes or soups or even railways keep up an unceasing bombardment of appeals to sexual appetite, but the technique for assuaging this appetite we are expected to discover for ourselves, and as one result a painfully high proportion of married women never know complete sexual satisfaction. Cabinet Ministers, judges, bishops, schoolmasters, and popular journalists fight obstinately against the spread of knowledge about sex. Catholic priests and Anglican canons become deservedly popular for their detective stories, but a high-minded, if sentimental and tiresome, book like *The Well of Loneliness* is banned. Sapphism, in fact, is considered if not more wicked at least far more shocking than murder. And it is significant that when Röhm, Heines and Co. were bumped off the other day a public that had acquiesced in their murderous brutalities was expected to be shocked by the revelation that they were homosexuals.

The right to know is, however, far more important than the right to vote, and every intellectual, every humane person needs to support this right. A view that still exists and has to be overcome is thus stated by Alphonse Daudet: 'As regards young boys, they learn all they need in the streets and newspapers; as regards young girls, they must certainly not be taught physiology. I can only see disadvantages in this new notion; such truths are dirty, they destroy illusions, they frighten and repel the mind and warp the nature of young girls.' Modern upholders of his views would be rather less frank: they would advocate a little physiology, even for girls, but beyond this little or nothing. Others would rationalize their objections quite differently.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D. H. Lawrence, for instance, would certainly have talked about a profanation of the dark mystery, a destructive intrusion of the intellect. But it does not matter whether people oppose knowledge on the ground that it encourages or that it discourages desire—their real reason is a morbid fear of facing the facts. Possessed by this fear, people postpone consulting doctors till their cancers have become incurable and encourage the spread of venereal diseases by forbidding or discouraging the use of prophylactics. This fear, indeed, is one of the chief obstacles to every improvement in the condition of mankind, for people would feel differently, whether about slums or about war, if once they could be obliged to face the facts. Knowledge is more than a right, it is a duty.

THE *Encyclopedia*, edited by Dr. Haire, contains a mass of information that needs to spread, though most of it naturally is familiar to those who have read Havelock Ellis. But where Havelock Ellis gives information, this book also gives advice. It includes accounts of the physiology of the genital organs, the technique of their conjunction, contraception, pregnancy, male impotence, female frigidity, the change of life, venereal diseases, prostitution, sexual abnormalities, and almost every other sexual subject. It is a long book (but far less long than H. G. Wells's *History*, for instance), and the pity is that its high price will place it quite beyond the reach of most of those to whom it would be useful. If it were issued at a quarter of the price, the enormous resulting sale would almost certainly repay the publisher, except that it might then be suppressed by the police. For sexual knowledge is one of the many good things that our present society would like to reserve as a privilege of the richer classes.

Chapter after chapter in the book contains information that every Tom, Dick, and Harriet ought to possess. The facts, for instance, about masturbation need to be universally known. Even among readers of this paper there may be persons so ignorant as to frighten children with threats about the results of masturbation. They will here learn that this is 'a normal phenomenon that appears in the vast majority of healthy children and in young adults who are for one reason or another unable to obtain the normal satisfaction of their sexual appetite.' The chief harm done by youthful masturbation is the result not of the physical act but of the feelings of anxiety and guilt with regard to it, feelings for which parents and teachers are in most cases responsible. Altogether the amount of misery caused by ignorance in sexual matters is appalling to contemplate. Another example is the widespread notion, still I think upheld in English law, that virginity can be tested physiologically. Actually the state of the hymen is no evidence one way or the other—it has been found intact in pregnant women and is frequently broken in virgins. The apparent frigidity from which many women suffer is again often due to ignorance on their husband's part or their own, but here there is need for things even more difficult to obtain than knowledge—imagination, good will, patience, self-control.

As a last instance of suffering caused by ignorance, there is sexual abnor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mality in its many forms. Most of us are unable to endure the thought of other people enjoying things that we cannot conceive of enjoying ourselves. Modern painting or Beethoven on the wireless stir some of us to moral indignation, best-sellers infuriate others, and only the most reasonable can think of sexual abnormalities without disgust and a desire to interfere. If a man can attain sexual satisfaction only by being flagellated, we call him immoral, perverse, unnatural, when he is merely the victim of some childhood experience, of a nurse or parent who smacked him, of a schoolmaster or prefect by whom he was caned. Homosexuality, again, is usually, according to the best authorities, acquired in the first few years of a child's life, and it is in such cases incurable, like congenital deafness, even by treatment in Wormwood Scrubbs. Knowledge of such facts may not always result in tolerance, but without knowledge tolerance is hardly possible.

The *Encyclopedia* naturally contains some statements with which all authorities would not agree. The various methods of contraception are the subject of much controversy, and the Voronoff and Steinach 'rejuvenation' operations are by no means generally admitted to be useful, though the use of the latter to prevent or cure prostate trouble seems to be giving good results. Less important, some of the historical statements are inaccurate: that 'the Greeks ignored love as we understand it: woman in their eyes was partly a procreating machine and partly an instrument of pleasure' is true only of certain periods and places in Greek civilization. It is not the case that the Catholic Church holds that 'no sexual intercourse, however daring, between wedded couples is sinful': the technique recommended on page 206 is absolutely prohibited by the casuists. Again, it does not matter that Egeria should be called Aegyria, but to head a chapter 'Love Is No Longer a Mystery' invites and deserves ridicule, for it still is a mystery that the psychologists with all their talk of fixations are still very far from having fathomed.

Some of the case histories, though interesting to the expert, are unnecessary for the readers for whom this book is designed, and it is always a pity when sexologists write such stuff as 'lovers can do no wrong, because they are not on earth but in Heaven, and in Heaven nothing is wrong.' It would have been better to quote Baudelaire:—

Maudit soit à jamais le rêveur inutile
Qui voulut le premier dans sa stupidité
S'éprenant d'un problème insoluble et stérile
Aux choses de l'amour mêler l'honnêteté.

However, there is nothing of '*le rêveur inutile*' about the authors of the *Encyclopedia*. They are lucid, unshocked, eminently sensible. The ordinary reader may at first find it distasteful to contemplate in cold blood what in an excited state he most enjoys. Yet the sexual act is not intrinsically more unæsthetic than putting fragments of dead animals into a hole in our faces—a spectacle we do not find disgusting or absurd even when we are not ourselves hungry. And 'the beast with two backs' represents or restores a unity, like that androgyne, of which, according to the Platonic myth, each one of us is a severed half.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAPON 1934. *By Maurice Lachin. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1934.*

(Erich Andermann in the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris)

IN ONE form or another the 'yellow peril' has brought itself close to the consciousness of Europe during the past year. We all know how successfully the new Japanese industries have jumped ahead of the old capitalist countries and how bitterly they are fighting on the world market to the detriment of European and American competition. We also know that modern Japan has become an imperialistic and militaristic power *par excellence* with a growing appetite for keeping its labor employed and securing supplies of raw materials and for controlling the Pacific Ocean, China, and Manchuria, thus making the danger of war in the Far East one of the most immediate issues in world politics.

What is much less known is the manner in which this rapid capitalistic development has influenced Japan's inner life. A French journalist, Maurice Lachin, has thrown light on this aspect of Japan's problem in his recent book, *Japan, 1934*. He comes to conclusions that will cause great surprise, for Lachin, who bases his personal observations on very impressive documentary evidence from Japanese sources, is of the opinion that Japan stands on the verge of a social revolution, a social revolution *à la japonaise*, it is true, that stops short of the Mikado, who is honored as a god, and that even goes so far as to anticipate that the Emperor himself will free the country from capitalism, since the revolution will possess a really anti-capitalistic character. Nothing, in Lachin's opinion, will be able to halt the triumph of this revolution. 'Half Japan yearns for it to-day, passionately and completely.'

The capitalist economic forms are less popular in Japan than in other countries, and for good reason. Nowhere else in the world is the wealth that industrial development has created concentrated in so few hands. According to current reports that are vastly exaggerated, but that Lachin found accepted by educated Japanese, the two biggest concerns in the country, the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha and the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha, are the rulers of all Japanese economy. The truth, however, is rather different. Lachin gives figures showing that Mitsui and Mitsubishi possess one-two hundredth of the national wealth of Japan and control one-fortieth of it. Other huge companies—the Sumitomo, Yasuda, and Okura—possess about one-four hundredth of the wealth apiece and control about one-eightieth of it. The entire capital of the Mitsui enterprise is in the hands of the eleven families belonging to the Mitsui clan. The Mitsubishi capital belongs to the three families of the Iwasaki clan. In like manner, the gigantic properties of Sumitomo, Yasuda, and Okura are concentrated among a very few capitalistic feudal lords. Even outside this ring of the five biggest concerns in Japan capitalist concentration has advanced further than it has in Europe. A single family in Osaka possesses nineteen woolen mills, each of which employs about two thousand workers.

NOW for the other side of the picture. Whereas in all other parts of the world progressive industrialization has automatically raised the living standard of the lower classes, at least in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periods of rising activity, the Japanese worker and peasant lives no better during a business boom than his ancestors did fifty years ago. Japan has sixty-seven million inhabitants, Korea twenty-three million. To how many of them has the importation of western civilization brought any material advantage? To 'two million Japanese at the most,' estimates Lachin, 'and a few tens of thousands of Koreans, not counting the five hundred Japanese who have settled in Korea.'

Not only does the proletariat fail to enjoy the fruits of industrialization, a great mass of Japanese intellectuals, teachers, officials, clerks, and officers are wretchedly paid and have no cause to support capitalism. Even the tiny minority that has succeeded in attaining halfway bearable living conditions suffers from the misery of their near and distant relatives and from the memory of the indescribable poverty of their early years. Even numerous descendants of the old feudal nobility, numerous sons of the Samurai, the military aristocracy, are numbered among the dispossessed. General Sadao Araki, former War Minister, belongs to a Samurai family, but his mother worked to support the family as a kimono seamstress in a dry-goods establishment, and his younger sister could not afford to go to school. The majority of Japanese officers grew up under similar circumstances.

'From childhood on,' Lachin writes, 'the future officer is brought up with the idea that he has been plundered by the capitalist or that the capitalist has delivered his parents over into poverty. He never, or almost never, frees himself from this condition. A sub-lieutenant earns about seventy yen a month (about 350 French francs), a lieutenant 100 yen, a captain 150 yen, and a general about 400 yen. This means that the sub-lieutenant who cannot live with his family, as government officials are permitted to do, must lead an extraordinarily meagre life in the Japanese fashion. Everything that suggests European luxury is forbidden to him.'

Lachin quotes a Japanese journalist as saying that an officer, who recognized a member of the Mitsui family on the street, went up to him and boxed his ears. Nobody intervened. The Mitsuis no longer dare venture forth without guards. 'You could never imagine,' explained the journalist, 'how we hate the Mitsuis. I myself, if I met a Mitsui in some place where there were no police, would not hesitate to kill him.'

A Communist movement on European lines, which would be the legitimate beneficiary of these anti-capitalistic sentiments, leads but a feeble underground existence in Japan. The Communists had numerous supporters shortly after the War, especially among the students and university professors, but since 1925 they have been outlawed. Their leaders and best-known propagandists have been sentenced to long terms in prison. The watchfulness of the Japanese police guarantees that illegal Communist agitation remain confined to the narrowest limits. Moderate Socialism, which is allowed a legal existence, has so little power of attraction that at the last parliamentary elections in February, 1932, only three Socialists were elected. Moreover, although everything else is cheap in Japan, it costs an enormous amount of money to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elected to parliament. According to Lachin, a man must spend about fifty thousand yen, which explains why both big Japanese parties, the Seiyukai and the Minseito, are merely the political arms of the Mitsui and Mitsubishi firms respectively. The fiasco of the Socialists may therefore be due in part to the fact that the plutocrats of Japan have virtually destroyed democracy.

But all the social discontent that cannot release itself in the Communist and Socialist movements has found an outlet in the Fascist organizations of Japan. Unlike similar tendencies in Europe, Japanese Fascism is primarily a matter of class warfare. It does not preach, as Mussolini and Hitler do, the collaboration of classes and the reconciliation of capital and labor. Its programme includes the expropriation of private capital, the socialization of production, and even the confiscation of private wealth. It may be asserted that in Europe, too, Fascist organizations have given their propaganda an anti-capitalistic tone, but the Japanese Fascist groups, led, characteristically, by numerous ex-Communists, go much further. Some groups refer to themselves as National Marxists, and they make no secret of the fact that their economic programme is the programme of Marxism, purged, however, of its international elements and expounded in accordance with the religious traditions of Japan.

For the social-revolutionary movement in Japan stems directly from the national tradition, and this explains why the greatest triumphs of Japanese nationalism and militarism are celebrated with such enthusiasm by all social classes. Hatred of capitalism is a patriotic affair. It rests on the original charter of modern Japan, a pledge made by Emperor Mutsu Hito in 1868 when he abolished the feudal privileges and promised to prepare a democratic constitution. At this juncture in Japanese history, which is known as the Meiji Revolution, the former feudal rulers renounced their privileges out of respect for the Emperor. The Japanese patriots would say to-day that capitalism had falsified the spirit of this Meiji Revolution, that the old feudal privileges have passed over into the hands of Mitsui and Mitsubishi, into a form of capitalistic feudalism, and that a new Meiji Revolution is necessary to redeem the pledge of Emperor Mutsu Hito.

According to the National Marxists, the capitalists must surrender their property and privilege, as the agrarian feudal barons during the Meiji Revolution, into the hands of the Emperor who, as 'the father of all Japanese,' will administer all property in the interests of the entire nation. Thus the Emperor is to be thrust into the leading rôle in the social revolution. With him at its head, Japan will move over to socialism. Maurice Lachin asked the leading propagandists of this second Meiji Revolution what they would do if the Emperor did not bow to their wishes, but they refused to consider this possibility. 'I am certain,' one of the most active Fascist leaders explained, 'that the Emperor will understand and help the needs of his children.'

This combination of a Communist economic programme with traditional reverence for the Emperor has, in Lachin's opinion, brought half of Japan over to National Marxism. He also explains that, when Communists come before the courts on charges of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

high treason, the judges explain to them that they share the views of Communism on the question of social reform but that they differ on the question of the Emperor, and that any Communist defendant who announces before the judge, 'I recognize the holy character of the person of the Emperor,' is set free. Of course, numerous Communists have gone over to the National Marxists.

But this Japanese form of Communism receives its strongest and most significant support in the army. Even General Araki, the most noisy spokesman of Japanese militarism, who is regarded by many people as the future dictator, has declared for National Marxism, and, since the army is the decisive power in Japan to-day, Lachin's prophecy that Japan is headed for a social revolution has a very serious basis. Of course, modern Japan has other acute problems as well as its curious National Marxism, and the way they are solved, or not solved, makes the future uncertain. 'The war of to-morrow' is the order of the day just as much as 'the revolution of to-morrow.' Which 'to-morrow' will come first? And what means will Japanese feudal capitalism use to remain in power? Only the Fates can answer that question, and Maurice Lachin's book, for all its valuable contents, gives no reply.

Two Chinese Epitaphs

Translated from *Neue Deutsche Blätter*, Prague German-Émigré Literary Monthly

I

TWELVE peasants of the village of Li
Could bear their misery no longer.
Here they were executed and buried
With empty stomachs.
Whoever sees this weeps.
All China weeps! These empty vessels!
Twelve peasants lie here,
But who can execute all China?

II

We live on a handful of rice
For a handful of rice we die
The executioner stole our clothing
He threw us naked in our grave.
Our names nobody knows
Here lie the lords of the earth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Etchings for the Movies

MICKEY MOUSE has a successor. The Russian painter, Alexeiev, who did the lithograph illustrations of *Brothers Karamazov* in the 'Éditions de la Pléiade,' and his assistant, Miss Parker, have invented a method of transposing his art to the screen, not sacrificing a single nuance and adding movement to the original depth and variety of tone.

Instead of making thousands of individual line drawings, each one corresponding to a single impression, Alexeiev modifies one etching so gradually that the change is imperceptible. Each successive aspect is photographed, and the result is not a series of line drawings but a living, ever-changing picture with as many as eighty shades ranging from black to white, though Alexeiev himself does not yet claim to have discovered a film sufficiently sensitive to register these gradations.

The first film based on Alexeiev's invention was privately shown in Paris not long ago, and we wish that we could reproduce here several of its pictures, which appear in *Vu*. The subject suited the method. It represented a dream in which the first picture transforms itself into the second, and the second into the third in a fantasmagoric succession of monsters and young deer lying slain in the moonlight. At the end of a harrowing night calm returns, and a shepherd, leaning against a tree, greets the dawn with his flute.

How like a dream this is, and yet how unlike, for dreams are full of gaps—remembered dreams, that is. Alexeiev's film is a dream in the actual, ideal sense, a succession of images indissolubly bound to one another, the first of which contains the elements of all those that follow. What rôle will this invention play in the future development of the film? Can it be made to serve other ends than the purest fantasy? That remains to be seen, for Alexeiev's 'living etching' is at the same time richer in artistic values yet more restricted in range than the animated drawings that preceded it.

Advice from Oxford

PROFESSOR K. E. Kirk has collected several essays by eminent Oxonians under the title, *Personal Ethics*, a book that attempts to reconcile God, the Devil, and the twentieth century. Professor Kirk himself writes about marriage and suggests three possible solutions to the 'sex problem': Realism, which stands for the Christian idea of monogamy; Pessimism, which regards the relations of man and woman as a desperate mess with 'cheap, easy divorce on the American model' as the only palliative; and Romanticism, which allows young people 'a considerable degree of liberty in sexual experimentation.' Though Professor Kirk gives the Devil-Romanticism his due, he believes that Realism gives better results, and his advice is to stick to monogamy.

Mr. J. R. Maud, Fellow and Dean of University College, is faced with the even more ticklish problem of patriotism, for he finds that love of one's own country—especially as practised by the various nations to-day—is definitely opposed to the doctrine of the good neighbor. How, then, is a good Christian to be a good patriot? A lesser mind might have given up in despair, but Mr. Maud reaches this happy solution: 'The true love of a patriot for his country is of such a kind that the more he loves his country the more capable he finds himself of loving other countries as he loves his own.'

Mr. C. R. Morris, Fellow of Balliol, was given an equally difficult problem when he was asked to write about class

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinctions. Unable to deny their existence, Mr. Morris assumed that since class distinctions exist it must be a good thing to have them, all being for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But even Mr. Morris perceived that facts did not corroborate his fundamental assumption and therefore claimed that class distinctions should not be based on wealth but on culture and spiritual values. At this point he ran into a problem very similar to the one Mr. Maud had to face in dealing with patriotism—the intellectual and moral snobbery of cultivated groups. And this is the solution he offers: 'It is within our power to abolish the worst effects of class hostility by so overhauling our national system of education as to make full use of that mysterious power ingrained in the British system of education to make all sorts live together in real unity.'

Mr. R. L. Hall, Fellow and Dean of Trinity College, believes that competition in business is a fine thing so long as everyone plays the game. There is no harm in earning as much money as you can if you observe the rules of the game, which are manifold and complex. According to Mr. Hall, our economic system is good enough; the only difficulty is in the number of dishonest people. They, of course, should be checked, but even Mr. Hall can think of no way to eliminate them completely.

Canon J. S. Bezzant, Chancellor of Liverpool Cathedral, is allotted the thorny task of joining together what man has set asunder—belief in a personal God and morality. Though the author admits that morality can stand alone, he claims that it is 'with considerable risk of falling and with little power to advance,' for it then lacks the driving power that religion alone can supply.

The only contributor with a sense of humor included among these worthies is Mr. R. C. Mortimer, Student of Christ Church, who writes in defense of gambling as a fine sport for those who know how to play it wisely and treat it as a pastime and an amusement rather than as a passion or a vocation. Gambling is a safety valve for those who cannot stand the pressure of security, but in a world of fools where its proper regulation is almost impossible gambling is something to avoid.

L. P. Jacks, reviewing this volume in the *Spectator*, remarks that, 'if good advice could extirpate original sin, it would have been extirpated long ago.' We leave it for the reader to decide whether sugar-coating the evils of the age with fine words from Oxford is really good advice. This kind of sophistry is all the more discouraging when we reflect that it comes from those who are supposed to have the best minds and the highest degree of cultivation. Not only does their prestige add importance to pernicious thinking; their stupidity makes it clear that many things of value in the old culture will have to be destroyed and perhaps lost forever in the effort to rid the world of the vicious lying of *Personal Ethics*. We shall again have to face the tragedy of waste and meet with perhaps even greater losses than those caused by the French and Russian Revolutions.

A Russian Poet-Prodigy

SINCE Maxim Gorki began giving audiences to young writers, so many child poets have come to trouble his peace that he has grown skeptical of these precocious geniuses, finding that they lack the perfect ear, which is as essential to a poet as to a musician. Others, whose childhood poems seem promising, are not really poets but sensitive human beings who are so completely under the influence of some truly great writer—either living or dead—that their verse is unconsciously copied from his. When that particular influence wears off,—as it eventually must,—they are left with their own small gifts, disillusioned adults who are themselves unable to understand the superiority of their childhood efforts over their more mature productions. Therefore Gorki has grown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chary of enthusiasm, knowing that to encourage a youngster to devote himself to writing when he has no real talent is always unkind and sometimes disastrous.

But one day a really extraordinary child came to call on him, a boy of nine and a half who had neither the arrogance nor the shyness that is an earmark of the species. He was healthy-looking, ruddy, and self-possessed. Here is the conversation as Gorki relates it in the *Izvestia*:—

'"What former poets do you especially enjoy?" I asked.

'"Pushkin, of course," he replied.

'"And what prose writers?"

'"Turgenev."

'He pronounced Turgenev's name with somewhat less assurance and hastily added, "But I have n't read him in a long time."

'"How long?"

'"About six months. . . ."

'It occurred to me that at his age I could scarcely read, that the only book I read was the Psalter in Church Slavonic, and that even at a later period in my life I often spent six months at a time without opening a book.

'I asked the young poet: "You write lyric poetry?"

'"No, political poetry. But I have written lyrics. I think I have kept two or three in my archives. I also translated Schiller and Heine from German." And, blushing slightly, he added: "A small volume of my poems has been published."

'I think the boy felt that I simply did n't know what to discuss with such a person as he was. I was even embarrassed to look at him. He seemed like a trick that some magician had played on me. His mother, sitting next to him, looked as embarrassed as I felt and hastened to answer my unasked questions.

'"He's terribly interested in politics," she said. "When his father comes home from work, he immediately takes his paper. He's the leader of his pioneer division, a heavy social responsibility. And, you know, it does n't seem to tire him at all. Children are remarkable nowadays. His sister started to talk before she was seven months old; now she's a year and a half, and she speaks perfectly. You simply don't know what to do with children like that. . . ."

'I asked the poet to read to us. He was silent for a few seconds, and I took the occasion to say that "there are times when we should not be embarrassed by our talents."

'"That's from Potemkin's letter to Raevski," the young poet remarked.

'"Potemkin, the poet?" I asked.

'"No, the favorite of Catherine II. Is there a poet Potemkin, too?"

'"There was."

'"I shall read you a short poem about Hitler and Goebbels," the young poet said.

'I thought that something ridiculous was going to happen and that our wonder would be found bankrupt. But I was wrong. The wonder grew, expanded without anything funny. The boy read badly, with those regrettable wailing intonations that grown-up poets try to pass off for pathos. But his poem, written in a manner reminiscent of Maiakovski, seemed technically acceptable. It may be that I am wrong, for I was amazed by the emotional vigor of the boy. The poetry may have been poor, but the boy's passionate hatred of criminals and crimes was glorious and unexpected and socially new. I did not dare look at his face for fear of seeing it distorted. But again I was wrong. The boy was blushing deeply, and his dark eyes shone. They were no longer the eyes of a nine-year-old boy but of a grown man who filled each word with the fire of his hatred for the enemies of the people.'

Russia Recognizes the Writer

A GRAND peacock parade occurred in Moscow on the occasion of the All-Union Congress, at which writers are gathered to sing Marx's praises as well as their own. The press printed the usual

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amount of self-criticism but directed its attacks against methods rather than aims: criticism is leveled at authors in so far as their æsthetic methods appear unworthy or ineffectual from the point of view of socialistic realism; no one has as yet intimated that socialistic realism itself might be unworthy or ineffectual.

At the same time it was deemed advisable to point out the differences between the starving artist of yesteryear and his well-fed successor. What squaring of shoulders and stridings to make the groundlings gape; and what heart-rending pictures of how bourgeois society treats its writers! Mihaïl Koltsov, regular contributor to *Pravda*, quotes a poem by Nekrasov, a popular Russian poet who died in 1877, in which Nekrasov describes the plight of the artist who dies poor and forsaken in a hospital but keeps on writing to his last day. The poem ends with this line: 'Fellow writers, our destiny is fatal.' The conditions described by Nekrasov no longer exist, Koltsov explains, for the Soviet writer occupies a high position among the most honored in the land. The pen has its place in socialist construction, and those who wield it are recognized along with those who swing the hammer or the sickle.

True, but hardly so wonderful. The Soviet Union is not the first country to recognize the power of the pen; even the earliest governments imposed heavy penalties on those who wrote against them and heaped honors upon the writers whose aims harmonized with the rulers' ambitions. Plato's *Republic* outlines the rights and duties of the poet. Though Plato did not place the writer on the same plane as the statesman and warrior and though his ideal state would never have made as much fuss over the poets as Soviet Russia does, the *Republic* considered the poet a sort of second-rate worthy so long as he wrote hymns to the gods and eulogies of the state, so long as he worked in harmony with the ruling power.

Since that time, except during periods of great liberalism such as the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth, writers who wanted success and security had to walk in step with their period. In contrast to the trial of Galileo, the disappearance and death of François Villon, the suicide of Van Gogh, the burning of the books in Germany—all attesting to the ruthlessness and vindictiveness of society against those whom it regards as its enemies—we have the pompous, bay-windowed academicians of bourgeois countries, whose position in relation to their respective governments is parallel to that of Soviet writers in relation to the U. S. S. R.

Why should n't the Soviet authors be as prosperous as their fellow academicians in other countries? They are with the ruling power; they express in their books the ideals of Soviet society, just as Victor Hugo expressed the romanticism, the humanitarianism, and the sentimentality of the nineteenth-century French bourgeoisie. But when they march with the mass, the writers no longer form the vanguard. They are at best fellow travelers on the road to socialist construction, companions whose services are valued and subsidized by the group. But they are not the thorns in the flesh—critics, eternal seekers, constant innovators. Theirs is a more mediocre—and a better-paid—rôle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

CLIMATE AND HEALTH together form one of those 'binary systems' of phenomena whose interrelations are no less profound than they are obscure. From the time when philosophers attributed a large part of human ills to 'miasmatic' causes lurking in the atmosphere or emanating from ill-favored soil to the present day, 'climate' has been the scapegoat of pessimists when things went wrong with some branch of the human species—and a much-lauded factor in the 'advance' of some other (usually Nordic) branch. Ellsworth Huntington, with his elaborately documented theory of 'optimum temperatures' is one of the best-known contemporary exponents of the climatic interpretation of human culture. But many others—Freer, Sundstroem, Castellani, Julian Huxley, Mills, Brochardt—have patiently studied the same set of problems: with the result, so common in scientific work, that loose generalizations are no longer excusable.

In a very interesting article on 'Climate and Health' in the *Scientific Monthly*, Dr. Earl B. McKinley shatters a great many of these generalizations, particularly as they relate to the supposed correlations between certain types of disease and the tropics. Defining climate as 'the temperature and meteorological conditions of a country, or as the effects of the sun, atmosphere, and earth upon living objects at a given place on the earth's surface,' Dr. McKinley, while fully admitting the importance of these factors in any study of human health, insists upon recognizing their complexity, their enormous variability, and the rôle of science and technology in overcoming their dangers. What are called 'combination effects'—the constant interplay of climatic, biological, and social variables—make any final statement as to the primacy of the first extremely hazardous in the present state of our knowledge.

FOR EXAMPLE: the warm, moist climate of the tropics has been shown, by one set of investigations, to have the following effects upon the 'normal' Anglo-Saxon: slowing down respiration and increasing lung capacity; increasing the pulse rate, blood pressure, and hæmoglobin content; increasing the blood sugar; stimulating growth in stature but not in weight; diminishing phosphorus content; promoting sexual sterility in women; inhibiting digestive processes and leading to constipation. Other presumed tropical effects relate to disturbances of the endocrine glands, particularly the adrenals, to a lowered rate of metabolism, and to a whole group of special skin diseases. And so on. But, for each of these presumably well-established claims, there is evidence, equally well authenticated, proving the exact contrary, and for the same 'types' of human beings. We are thus quite prepared to have Dr. McKinley 'venture to state that very few of these observations are as yet firmly established' and that 'as yet few fundamental basic observations or principles have been established in this field of study.'

HERE, ALSO, economic factors intrude to complicate and obscure the development of the new science known as 'geographic pathology.' Considered purely as an animal, *homo sapiens* is quite at the mercy of climate. But—because of the '*sapiens*' in his zoölogical designation—he has interposed between himself and this massive group of natural forces a coördinated network of defenses to which we give the name 'society.' It is for this reason that the geographic range of man overrides barriers that stop now one, now another species from advance. Dr. McKinley stresses this point and, with regard to many diseases of supposed climatic origin, exposes a number of superstitions. Thus,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is customary to regard such ailments as pneumonia, influenza, scarlet fever, nephritis, and diabetes as peculiarly characteristic of temperate-zone conditions. But pneumonia has been discovered to do very well in Puerto Rico, after transmission from the North; the great influenza epidemic during the War did considerable damage in the tropics; scarlet fever, nephritis, diabetes, and rheumatic fever, though less prevalent in tropical countries, can and do occur there when social and hygienic conditions prove inadequate.

The reverse is equally true. Many so-called tropical diseases, notably malaria and yellow fever, pay little attention to degrees of latitude, requiring for their transmission to the North only suitable carriers and—from the human point of view—unsuitable social conditions. And Dr. McKinley notes the rather significant fact that, in its survey of over 80 'tropical diseases,' the National Research Council fully recognizes human susceptibility to most of them in any latitude. Modern communication (particularly the airplane); the increasing tempo of industrial activity in isolation from human needs; the swift growth of urban life under highly competitive conditions that lead directly to undernourishment, overcrowding, and general insecurity; the failure of preventive medicine to control diseases inextricably bound up with social inequities it both cannot and will not resolutely seek to eliminate—these factors have far more to do with human health than the purely climatic ones with which technically we are magnificently able to cope. To deny this is to imply that such calamities as the Black Death, which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century, are simple affairs of wind, rain, and fog, to be countered by prayers and incantations rather than by rational hygienic methods.

LIVING CONDITIONS in the tropics—except for the favored disseminators of the white man's civilization—are so notoriously bad that an exclusive attention to climatic factors is little short of criminal. Throughout enormous sections of China and India the native populations undergo flood, famine, and pestilence with monotonous regularity; and where these 'natural' disasters do not operate to strengthen the fatalistic convictions of neo-Malthusians, equally cruel social forces—low wages, inadequate food and housing, high taxes, and unremitting exploitation of both the agricultural and industrial proletariat—see to it that disease and decimation do their proper work. Here, for example, is an official Report of the Government Health Department on conditions among the native population of Bengal in 1927 (three years later the British Labor Government's white-washing Whitley Commission was obliged to recognize the continuance of these conditions): 'The Bengal peasantry feed so badly that even rats could not live longer than five weeks on such a diet. The population is so terribly weakened that it is *quite incapable of resisting the slightest infection.* Last year 120 thousand died of cholera; 250 thousand of malaria; 350 thousand of tuberculosis [regarded as a typical "temperate-zone" disease] and 100 thousand of enteric.' (Emphasis mine) These grim facts—which are not offered by Dr. McKinley—certainly cannot justly be laid at the door of 'climate'—especially a climate so favorable to food crops.

Another, and merely economic, explanation is suggested by Ralph Fox in his very informative volume, *Colonial Policy of British Imperialism:* 'Twenty per cent of the whole territory of India is covered by the state forest reserves, access to which is strictly forbidden to the peasants. They are even forbidden to gather brushwood there or to pasture their cattle in the forests. So the peasant, having no place from which he can gather firewood for his own needs, is compelled to use dried dung for fuel, thus depriving his fields of essential manure . . . The Indian forests bring the Government every year 25 million rupees income, a great deal more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great state forest enterprises of Canada and the United States.'

GRANTING, as Huntington and many other responsible observers do, that human energy is strongly influenced by climatic factors, particularly those of moisture, temperature, and radiation, it is even more true that the most favorable climatic conditions are helpless against inadequate food and ill-balanced diet. 'If,' writes Dr. McKinley, 'the same standards of civilization were prevalent in the tropical belt to operate for the benefit of the untold millions of inhabitants as these high-standards operate for the benefit of man in temperate climates, the picture would be vastly different . . . It is our considered opinion that too often the factor of nutrition is given too little attention while the climatic factors are perhaps given too much. Of the two, nutrition would seem to be the more important.'

Sound, if somewhat uncomfortable, words at a time when the nations of the favored 'temperate' zones are feverishly engaged in meeting a world drought of unparalleled proportions—by further restriction schemes to protect, not human health, but investments and to promote, not security, but prices.

THE SINGLE WORD, 'Refrigeration,' might be an engineer's reply to those who —with supercilious brow or romantic nostalgia—deplore his increasing influence upon modern life. Were they, pointing at him and his fellows, to ask, 'Upon what food doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?' they might receive the curt reply: 'Upon chilled food, transported over enormous distances—and it is you, the people, who have grown fat, if not great, upon it.' In proof of which we may cite an instructive address on 'The Engineer and Modern Civilization,' delivered by Sir Frank Smith before the Junior Institution of Engineers in England. Here we learn that in 1877 New Zealand's first mutton reached London on a ship in which an ice-making plant had been installed. A period of intensive research followed, marked by the development of carbon dioxide (dry ice) as a refrigerant, with one result: that to-day the cold-storage capacity of British ships alone is 100,000,000 cubic feet—equivalent to a structure 20 feet high, 50 feet wide, and 20 miles long. Half a million tons of ice are made annually for domestic and commercial purposes on land, and an additional million and three-quarter tons are consumed by the sea-fishing industry. In the one year of 1932 England imported about one million pounds (500 tons) of food per day, or an average for the year of more than three million tons, say about seven ounces for each inhabitant of the islands. From New Zealand alone carcasses to the value of £7,000,000 were imported, and from the whole of Australia were shipped 84,000 tons of apples and 47,000 tons of frozen beef. From other countries England received more than 100,000 tons of oranges and 7,000,000 bunches of bananas.

All of which is a long cry from that wintry spring day when Sir Francis Bacon, Lord of Verulam, stuffed a chicken with snow—only to die of the chill contracted in this pioneer attempt to free man from one of the limitations imposed by 'climate.' And for such achievements in the control of supposedly decisive factors in our physical environment we are indebted to certain abstract researches into the nature of heat (notably those of an English brewer, James Prescott Joule, and an American Yankee, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford), ingeniously worked out and applied to vital human needs by several generations of engineers. How many of their contemporary representatives continue to argue with skeptics—perhaps over a plate of excellent mutton shipped from a point 5,000 miles away—as to their importance in the present scheme of things!

SIR FRANK SMITH uses the expression 'biological engineer' to indicate the pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gressive closing of the gap between theory and practice in the organic domain. And he gives the following example of the type of problem that, in the field of refrigeration, must be correctly solved if Dr. McKinley's 'factors of nutrition' are to receive proper attention: if apples are frozen, they die; if they are to be eaten in their 'natural' state—vegetarians attend!—they must be alive. In the picturesque terms of Sir William Hardy, the apple is a kind of 'biological, internal-combustion engine'; as such, it must have those external conditions that will permit it to 'operate' (that is, ripen) properly. The flesh of the apple is its fuel supply, which it consumes, like all other heat engines, in the presence of oxygen—with the production of heat and slow contraction in size. Too much oxygen, and the apple will burn up too quickly: in other words, succumb to the disease known as 'brown heart.' If stored in large quantities under improper conditions, the quantities of heat generated could very well result in the familiar phenomena of 'spontaneous combustion.' At this point enter refrigeration.

Engineers discovered, after considerable research, that apples could be preserved at their optimum temperature (which varies for different food products and even among different varieties of the same fruit) through control of the rate of supply of the carbon dioxide thrown out in the process of combustion. By keeping this rate slightly above that of the normal atmosphere, the rate of 'ripening' was slowed down, thus making it possible to extend the life term of the apple so that it could last out the length of extensive voyages. This is the basis of what is known as 'gas-storage' preservation—which, the layman may be surprised to learn from Sir Frank, 'is a simple method and presents no great difficulty to the engineer.'

THE REFRIGERANT used in this method is brine, carried through carefully placed pipes and functioning in association with a ventilation system to carry off the heat at just the proper rate. Temperature and carbon dioxide recorders make possible the most rigorous check on conditions during transit, so that no apples should start burning up on their own account, endangering the rest. That 'dry ice' could not be used in this and similar cases will be readily understood when it is remembered that this refrigerant, in addition to its intense cold, 'melts' back into carbon dioxide—the very substance too much of which would 'suffocate' apples as efficiently as it would human beings in an air-tight room.

This method of refrigeration, it is important to know, does not freeze food products but chills them—a very different thing. Sir Frank Smith states that although 'lamb, some kinds of fish, and butter may be frozen with success' beef is often seriously impaired by such treatment, owing to its complex structure. Chilling preserves this structure intact, so that it is now possible to ship in perfect condition a cargo of beef from distant points to England. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that chilled beef can be kept in proper condition for a period of time not exceeding four weeks, it cannot yet be imported from Australia, which is a 65-day journey from Smithfield Market: for this reason Australian beef is shipped in frozen condition. The 'yet' is significant, for engineers have now discovered that, if the beef can be maintained in a properly chilled atmosphere holding a ten per cent concentration of carbon dioxide, the growth of moulds is inhibited, thus permitting shipment from even those tremendous distances without a trace of deterioration. —HAROLD WARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

America after Fifteen Years

SHANE LESLIE, author and journalist, son of a titled Irish father and an American mother, has revisited the United States after an absence of fifteen years. Here is the chief change he noticed:—

The great contrast is in men's minds. The old naïve arrogance has given way to a disarming humility. The admiration and laudation of England's efforts during the depression are almost disconcerting to the ears of an Irishman. It is realized that England was able to pull herself out of the slough as one, whereas the greatest difficulty in America is that too many nationals and non-English speakers incline to shift for their own groups.

The most tangible difference, however, was the migration of the negro to the northern cities:—

The greatest difference I have noticed in the American cities since the War is the arrival of the Black Belt. Whole quarters of Philadelphia and Chicago have been swamped by the negro. New York contains the largest negro city in the world, and the District of Columbia prefers to be without votes rather than to have a negro majority. Riots in the North and lynchings in the South unhappily follow the negro's rapid progress toward equality.

It is a greater problem than any other in America, before which all but a few great educators and devoted missionaries fail. The only hope of a solution was stated to me to be the fact that every negro community is becoming whiter. A startling fact is that the Communists have enlisted negro idealism by promising the equalities which they certainly do not receive elsewhere.

My impression was that America becomes more and more optimistic toward the West. I found Chicago, St. Paul, and Cincinnati joyous and eager compared to the seaboard cities. In spite of the drought and the mortgages the American farmer remains the finest type. If he can but hold his grip on the land, he will breed the future American.

Peoples like the Irish or Scotch or German incline to diminish in towns; their places are being taken by the Italian, the Pole, and the eastern types of Europe. The transition period is making the melting-pot boil for many reasons. Though the future American is not likely to appear until the year 2000, the New Deal is helping to move and mix the wonderful elements out of which the coming race is being made.

A British Admiral on America

WHILE the newspapers of England and America speculate as to whether Great Britain plans to resume the Japanese alliance or work closely with the United States in the Far East, Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, commander of the British and American forces at Queenstown during the War, assures the readers of the London *Times* that all is quiet on the Anglo-American front. During the summer he visited Annapolis to present a memorial to the late Vice Admiral J. R. Poinsett Pringle, American chief of staff at Queenstown, and witnessed the manœuvres of the fleet off New York. Here is the way he described his arrival:—

We were met at the New York dock by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, commander of the Third Naval District, in uniform,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with other officers and Mr. Junius Morgan, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's eldest son. Mr. Junius Morgan is the secretary of the Queenstown Association, and his house at Salutation, Long Island, was to be our headquarters. We were taken there from the Yacht Club pier in his 25-knot motor-yacht *Shuttle*, and an officer of the air force was given the tablet to fly with it to Annapolis. We remained at Salutation two days, attending dinners and receptions and meeting Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whom we greatly liked.

The trip to Annapolis followed, but before Admiral Bayly set sail for England he watched the American Navy pass in review with President Roosevelt and gave this description of the occasion:—

At Mr. Roosevelt's personal invitation, we saw the review from his cruiser *Indianapolis*. We were given an admiral's salute as we embarked at 8:30 A.M. The President came on board at 8:45. He was received with a presidential salute and sat in a corner of the bridge. The ships looked smart and workmanlike as they steamed past, saluting the President with 21 guns. The ships kept accurate station, with the officers and men rigidly at attention.

On the way back Mr. Roosevelt sent for us both, and I had about an hour's talk with him. He spoke of the necessity of our two countries' working together for the peace of the world. He gave me a personal message to the King. I wrote it down on the spot and afterward sent the original note to the King's private secretary.

Here is the way he summarized his impressions of America:—

My visit to the United States has convinced me that, as the two countries have worked together in war, so they could work in peace. In the present confused state of international affairs the necessity of Anglo-American coöperation for certain broad ends cannot be escaped. That it will ever take the shape of a formal agreement is, to say the least, unlikely. But it is by now a commonplace that the navies of the two countries are complementary rather than competitive. That view, which is inherent in their outlook, requires neither alliance nor treaty to commend it. As an earnest of our own friendly attitude and as an acknowledgment of the hospitality shown to our ships at the American station, I suggest that it would have a valuable effect if Great Britain were to invite a United States squadron to visit this country in 1935 when we celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's accession.

America Joins the I. L. O.

THE adherence of the United States to the International Labor Organization of Geneva, a subsidiary of the League of Nations, receives this comment in the columns of the radical *New Statesman and Nation* of London:—

While a state of war exists on the home front, American radicals are scarcely likely to be comforted by the announcement that America has now definitely joined the International Labor Organization and will be entitled to a permanent seat on its governing body. The terms of America's adhesion explicitly rule out any obligation to adhere to the League of Nations itself or to accept the League's authority. But they will be generally regarded as bringing the United States substantially nearer to full membership of the League. For the I. L. O. it must be on the whole an advantage to have the United States as a member. But it would be a mistake to look for any large practical results. The American employers will reinforce the most reactionary section of the I. L. O.; and American labor representatives drawn from the A. F. of L. will hardly be either advanced or very helpful. Labor legislation is still in America mainly a matter for the separate states, over which the Federal Government has no authority. The special powers enjoyed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the Federal Government under the 'New Deal' are emergency powers, granted only for a limited period; and, if the United States were to sign and seek under federal authority to implement most of the I. L. O.'s conventions, there would certainly be trouble before long with the Supreme Court. For the moment, President Roosevelt will doubtless urge the I. L. O. to adopt an advanced policy, even if he cannot be bound by it. But this attitude is not likely to be very effective in persuading other governments, nor can we assume that the United States will remain lastingly on the side of industrial 'progressivism.'

American Brows

A. ABRAMOV, returning to Moscow after a trip to the U. S. A., gives the reader of the *Literaturnaia Gazeta* this portrait of the American reading public:—

Imagine a man with a cultivated face, a high forehead, and intelligent, thoughtful eyes—a sort of Dr. Jekyll—bending over a small volume of philosophic verse, and, standing next to him—Mr. Hyde, prosaic Hyde, who is not mystical, who has a low forehead and stubby fingers that are obviously better acquainted with the adding machine than with the piano. Hyde's low forehead is the earmark of the American business man, whereas Jekyll's brow adorns the graceful figure of the Epicurean, the habitué of literary salons on Fifth Avenue and in Greenwich Village. Hyde may be a real-estate agent, a street-car conductor, a bank clerk, the captain of a football team, or Mr. Babbitt of Main Street. But Jekyll always has a university degree, the world perspective of a refined æsthete, and the tastes of a polished literary gourmet.

He is the fellow for whom American high-brow literature is intended. And although he and his ilk form an insignificant percentage of the reading public, Jekyll is convinced that he is the arbitrator, the sponsor, and the director of letters. He is convinced of his superiority over other Americans of more lowly tastes. He has cut himself off from the world of reality by an ethereal wall of sensuous delights, and he dwells in the clouds. His literary deity is Henry James, whom he considers the spiritual ancestor of Proust, Joyce, and Branch Cabell; his idols are Thornton Wilder and Gertrude Stein and all those who, following James, locked themselves up in the ivory tower. He despises Dreiser's realism and 'stylistic helplessness,' Lardner's 'vulgarity,' and Upton Sinclair's 'materialism.' He is gracious toward Hemingway who scorns everything and believes in nothing. For his poetic gospel he has recourse to a thin collection of 'imagist' poems by Amy Lowell and the esoteric verse of Ezra Pound, which he chants in literary salons with the ecstasy of a priest.

It is for his benefit that Gertrude Stein—that 'high-brow classic' and criterion of American literary formalism—writes. There was a time in our own country when Igor Severianin used to chant before audiences of Russian neurasthenic women: 'Blue pigeons on the great wide deck, on the great wide deck blue pigeons.' To-day American high-brows chant Gertrude Stein's equally sensible poetry, which sounds as though it might have been copied from Severianin:—

> 'Pigeons on the grass, alas
> Magpies in the sky.'

Such is our honorable Mr. Jekyll, subscriber to the *Hound and Horn*. But Mr. Hyde is much simpler, noisier, more varied. He does not read high-brow literature, for there is a low-brow literature better adapted to his needs. The *Saturday Evening Post*, the weekly Bible of the American Hydes, has a special section called 'Low-Brow Literature,' in which a clever editorial writer chats with Mr. Hyde about the subjects that interest him and tells him what to read. Hyde

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loves to be directed. He is used to it, for he has a boss in his office, a minister in his church, newspapers in his politics, and advertisements in his business. He choses his books according to the advice of certain leaders. For his benefit O'Brien, the collector of the year's best stories, labors, as well as the O. Henry committee, and dozens of literary clubs that guide him and his kind through the American literary jungle. Among these clubs Mr. Hyde feels particular trust toward the Literary Guild of America, the advisory committee of which includes such people as Joseph Wood Krutch, Carl Van Doren, and Julia Peterkin. Please note that the low-brow is never insulted when you call him by his name: it is a symbol of his good intentions and his respectable mediocrity. It is also the symbol of America and stands for wisdom and common sense.

It is interesting to note that this rasping critic, sent to American shores from the land of the proletariat, failed to mention the element in American population that should interest him most—the reader of Zane Grey, *Adventure Stories*, and *True Confessions*. But we assume that if the follower of Joyce is a high-brow and the supporter of the Literary Guild a low-brow, the devotee of *True Romances* is a no-brow.

Communism Seen from America

GEORGE POPOFF, veteran newspaper correspondent and critic of the Soviet Union, visited the United States last summer where he concluded that Communism has become a world-wide menace. Here is the way he describes his impressions in the columns of the conservative *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest:—

The picture one gets of the rapidly increasing Communist activity in Europe and of the development of European affairs is seen in its true perspective when related to recent occurrences in the New World. Here, too, the situation is no less disturbing than it is in Europe. In the United States the recent years of crisis and Roosevelt's revolutionary measures have created a condition of inner uncertainty that has had its effect on the political mentality of the American masses. The once firm bulwark of American self-assurance has collapsed as a result of the economic difficulty and the misery of millions of people. The masses over here are much more easily won over than they used to be to social experiments and revolutionary novelties. All of which provides grist for the Communist mill.

Hence it is not surprising that the numerous strikes and labor troubles that have been breaking out with increasing frequency all over the United States in recent months have almost all of them been led and organized by the Communists. The recent dock strike in San Francisco that led to several violent outbursts in June and July was a typical example. These disturbances, in which many people were killed and wounded, presented scenes reminiscent of the Russian Revolution, and the entire press referred to them as the 'war on the waterfront.' From beginning to end the Communist Party maintained leadership and directed the struggle through the well-known American Communist leader, Harry Bridges. Communist officials make no secret of this fact. Indeed, they boast about it.

Furthermore, disturbing news comes in from almost all the South American republics and is reproduced in the New York newspapers much more freely than it is in the European press. During the first weeks of July officials in Buenos Aires discovered that the local Communist Central Committee had made all preparations for an armed uprising throughout Argentina. The material was so incriminating that the police had to arrest no less than 237 Communist agitators. Similar dispatches come from Santiago in Chile,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where a plot was discovered showing that the Chilean Communists had made the most complete preparations for a universal armed uprising and had delivered arms all over the country for this purpose. In this connection it must be pointed out that these uprisings bear no resemblance to the usual opera-bouffe revolutions of South America. What we are witnessing to-day is an absolutely conscious Communist movement directed by a local central party.

The sum total of all these events that are occurring in the Old World as well as the New gives us every reason to believe that Moscow is planning an organized attack on a world scale. This, as I have said, is much clearer in America than in Europe, where we are too much confused by a host of small problems and are too much inclined to ignore the most important one. The problem that confronts us to-day may be defined as follows: either a gradual victory for Communism or a revival and improvement of the existing world order. Communist propaganda to-day reckons consciously upon the universally evident insecurity of the masses. It confronts this inner insecurity with an idealized picture of conditions in Soviet Russia, which is presented with unparalleled effrontery, completely ignoring the fact that the Communist experiment has already condemned literally millions of people in Russia to death by starvation. Here in America the insolence of the propaganda from Moscow stands out more sharply than anywhere else in the world. Facts about the true situation in Russia,—the present famine, for instance, —which everyone in Europe knows, are flatly misrepresented by the Soviet leaders here, and these misrepresentations are swallowed by the majority of the American public. Here in America one perceives how correctly the Communist agitators proceed, what superb psychologists they are, what genius they display in working on mass psychology. But all this success makes it more than ever a duty to inform the world about the true situation in Russia and to open people's eyes to the danger that is again threatening from Moscow.

To-day it is on Germany that Moscow concentrates its attention, and anyone who has doubts on this score will find certitude here in America. The Moscow leaders have by no means given up the hopes that seemed to have collapsed temporarily when Hitler seized power. They continue to labor, and they say to themselves that, if some day the Communists in Germany are again able to raise their heads, there can be no question, in the present state of affairs, that this will serve as a signal to all other countries, especially the countries of North and South America. All these things, however, can be perceived much more distinctly over here than in Europe, and it is clear that what is happening to-day in Germany is decisive in the most complete sense of the word for Europe and for the development of the world as a whole.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

TWO international exposés that originated in THE LIVING AGE have recently reached a larger public. The arms investigation at Washington had its origins in our columns, and F. C. Hanighen's new book on the secret war for oil that John Day will publish in October is based on Antoine Zischka's *La guerre secrète pour le pétrole*, a review of which we translated last March prior to translating an article by M. Zischka himself. This month we explore a new and still more important field—that of chemicals and non-ferrous metals—and reproduce portions of a recent pamphlet entitled *I. C. I., Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.*, by W. Fox, published in London by Martin Lawrence and selling for sixpence.

WE REFER in 'The World Over' to the recent overtures England has been making in the direction of Japan and point out that two of our articles appeared in a special Manchurian supplement of the *Daily Telegraph*. In one of them, Yosuke Matsuoka, former Japanese delegate to the League of Nations, who advocates a much more conciliatory foreign policy than the present Government is pursuing, justifies his nation's conduct in Manchuria, and in another a Japanese professor discusses an even more important matter—that of population. Finally, we give an account of a Japanese banquet, written by a lady journalist from Europe.

A YEAR ago in our columns Ernst Henri's 'Man behind Hitler' revealed Fritz Thyssen as the power behind the scenes in the Third Reich, and since that time he has become a rival to Sir Basil Zaharoff as the mystery man of Europe. To throw some light on one of the most important men in Europe to-day we dug back into our files of a year ago and extracted from the *Neue Weltbühne* two articles written in the summer and fall of 1933 describing the background, the personality, and the record of Germany's real ruler.

THE writer in search of fantastic themes does not have to fall back on his imagination nowadays—real life provides plenty of material. When, therefore, the *Revue des Vivants* devoted an entire number to the subject of the fantastic, Francis de Miomandre excavated a story he had written in 1931. Pierre Abraham, a critic with the peculiar subtlety of the French, also contributed an essay on the fantastic in literature.

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, whose novels and criticisms are well known in the United States, contributes a literary essay of a different character. The fact that he has recently attended the writers' congress in Moscow shows where his sympathies lie, but his justification of them is written in such an orthodox manner that they should carry conviction even to non-Marxists.

THE name of Dr. Harry Roberts has been appearing with increasing frequency in the *Spectator* and the *New Statesman and Nation*, and we reproduce this month one essay of his from each paper. His discussion of the doctor's right to kill aroused an immediate controversy and is certainly the more challenging of the two. But his views on the limitations of medicine give a more complete idea of his professional philosophy.

WHEN you have completed the three articles on Japan turn to the 'Books Abroad' department and read the review of *Japon 1934*. It discusses a new book by a French visitor to the Orient, who says that the slogan of 'National Marxism' has won the support of half the country and that a growing movement is demanding that the Mikado drive the money-changing Mitsuis and Mitsubishis from the temple in the name of Marx.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

A PROOF that pacifism is anti-Christian is the fact that pacifists are invariably modernists. You never find a Fundamentalist who is a pacifist.—*Correspondent in the 'Morning Post,' London Conservative Daily.*

It is no mere accident that Hellenic art later inspired the Nordic peoples, such as the Germans, Danes, English, Italians, and French. They worked in a spirit that varied from people to people but found its roots in the same blood. Efforts have been made in state schooling that were calculated to create confusion, to wash away evidences of common origin, and to build up walls between peoples whom nature had fashioned out of the same racial stuff some 10,000 years ago.—*Adolf Hitler.*

Mussolini has prevented and always will prevent any reconciliation between Austria and Germany.—*Franz Winkler, former Austrian Vice Chancellor.*

It [the Chaco conflict] is a senseless struggle if one merely considers the genuine interests of the two countries, each of which has unexplored territory and many years in which to carry out various programmes of reconstruction and national improvement. But it is a very sordid struggle if one realizes that what lies at stake are the interests foreign capitalists have found in various concessions and in the inevitable bait of petroleum, a universal factor of discord.—*Alvarez del Vayo, president of the Chaco Commission.*

The situation of our armies could not be more promising. At the present moment we have reconquered all our territory.—*Eusebio Ayala, President of Paraguay.*

We cannot eliminate the activities of munitions makers in urging huge appropriations for war preparations or eliminate their subversive activities at peace and disarmament conferences until something is done to remove profit from war.—*Senator Pope.*

As the preponderance of our navy grew stronger, our relations with Germany steadily improved, and they were never better than in the few months before the war.—*Winston Churchill.*

Japanese militarists take it that the crisis of Japan will come in 1935–1936, when a second world-wide conflagration very likely will break out, that she must needs make war preparations, and that she is under the necessity of claiming hegemony in Asia. Japanese military thought is dominated by the conception and the reality of the inevitability of Japan's decisive war with Soviet Russia or America and of Japan's subjugation of China. This explains why Japan has exerted strong pressure on China to recognize Manchukuo and to form an economic bloc with Japan and Manchukuo. We do not know Nanking's attitude toward Japan; but should Nanking ignore Japan's demands, Japan, in all probability, would throw discretion to the winds by embarking on a fresh military campaign. Not only North China but South China, perhaps, would be Japan's objective.—*Chen Fu-sheng, Chinese journalist.*

If Chiang Kai-shek remains in office without correctly understanding the destiny of the Orient and plays dangerous tricks with America, Japan will need to reconsider her present policy toward Chiang Kai-shek . . . Let America go home from the Orient . . . It is high time for China to sever relations with money-incarnate Occidentals and to banish Communists and capitalists from the Orient.—*Hanni Ito, Japanese journalist.*

While Chiang Kai-shek has not nerve enough to use the planes against the Japanese, he did not hesitate to use them in the massacre of his own countrymen.—*Eugene Chen, Chinese statesman.*

The Central Committee is convinced that the glorious Far-Eastern Army, whose invincible power has been already felt by our enemies, will also remain in the future the invincible power bulwark of the Far-Eastern frontiers of our fatherland and of the peaceful labor of peoples of the U. S. S. R.—*Message from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U. S. S. R. to General Blücher.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED